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# LUCY GELDING:

A TALE OF

## LAND AND SEA;

SHOWING

### THE EVIL EFFECTS OF GAMBLING,

AS IT IS PRACTICED UPON THE ATLANTIC COAST,

AND THE

ENCOURAGEMENT IT HAS RECEIVED FROM PROFESSED  
CHRISTIANS, BY PERMITTING IT TO ENTER THEIR  
HOMES IN MINIATURE FORM.

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By WILLA WEST.



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## P R E F A C E.

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BELIEVING this book to be one which the times demand, the author would respectfully present it to the public, hoping it will interest all classes, North, South, East, and West, and would particularly invite the attention of professed Christians, of all Denominations, to its primary object. While it shows the evil effects of gambling as it is practiced upon the Atlantic Coast, it notices the encouragement that vice has received from professed Christians, by permitting it to enter their homes in miniature form.

On entering many of our Christian homes at the present day, one can but feel that, either nothing is wrong, or everything is.

It is not a freak of the imagination that pictures a family of Christian parentage kneeling around the family altar, the head of that family praying God to preserve his children from vice in every form, and at the same time within reach of his arm are lying the checker, chess, and backgammon boards, and a miniature billiard table, but a fearful, living reality, of which that parent must give an account at the day of judgment.

Could a parent have the face to ask God to preserve his children from intemperance, if his cellar was filled with various kinds of liquor, which was freely quaffed at his



table daily? Well, where is the difference in the consistency of the Christian who would thus encourage intemperance or the other vice?

Not only in our homes are these games admitted, but also in the house of God.

Not long since, at a fair, in a Christian Church, in a Western State, the game of dice was practiced in the pulpit of the church, the stakes being articles which were to be disposed of to raise funds for the benefit of that church in some way; and a gentleman who was invited to participate in the game, by a lady of the committee, remarked that, "the word of God was lying not three feet from where he stood."

This sounds disgraceful, does it not? shocking to Christian ears; but did you never find a checker board, chess men, and various other games, in equally close contact with your Bibles at home?

Let us endeavor to cast the beam from our own eyes, God helping us, and we shall be enabled to see more clearly the mote in our brother's eye.

Let the Christian example of the pious mother whose brief life is delineated in these pages, be a model for Christian parents; and may they with her, when life's labor is over, have the unspeakable pleasure of seeing the souls of their children shine as stars forever in their crowns of rejoicing.

DELAVER, ILL., 1860.



# LUCY GELDING:

A TALE OF LAND AND SEA.

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## CHAPTER I.

NEAR the center of a beautiful city, in the eastern part of Massachusetts, may be seen to-day, a four-story brick house, standing near the head of C—— street.

Seven finely cut granite steps lead from the pavement to the front entrance, which is mimically guarded by two Newfoundland dogs in bronze. The bell and door knobs are of silver, beautifully chased, corresponding with the original door-plate, which, fifteen years ago, bore the name of Thomas Gelding.

In the rear of this building is a yard, thirty by one hundred feet, literally filled with trees, shrubs and flowers; at the further extremity is a small green-house, and the most perfectly formed japonicas worn at holiday, dancing or bridal parties, may be traced to this spot.



The furniture, for more than one reason, remains just as it was nearly a quarter of a century ago, with the exception of gas fixtures, which have been introduced during the last ten years, making it necessary to suspend chandeliers, affix side-lights and center-jets, from basement to attic, whose globes and numerous crystals, trembling and flashing, reflect the light in a tenfold degree.

At the time our story opens, this house was occupied by Thomas Gelding and wife, with their only child. Mr. Gelding had recently remodeled the interior of the house, and the first brilliant gathering held there subsequent, was on the fifteenth anniversary of Lucy's birthday. No expense was spared in making this entertainment agreeable and elegant; the corinthian columns in the parlors were wreathed with evergreen, thickly studded with rare exotics, and at dessert, boquets of the same expensive flowers mingled with fruits of every clime, in lavish profusion.

Lucy was proud and self-willed, as any over-indulged girl of fifteen would naturally be, but she possessed a noble, tender heart for all that, and often after expressing her opinion in decided terms, in opposition to her mother, she would, the next minute, throw her arms around her parent's neck, and ask her forgiveness.

Mr. Gelding was a whole-souled, noble-hearted man of the world, enjoying everything money could buy, to its fullest extent. His business was importation, his income large; but there were others of his acquaintance in the same business,



with equally large incomes, who frequently affirmed in their families, that they could by no means afford the reckless extravagance Gelding practiced; yet he was apparently not in debt to any one; there seemed to be a mystery about the man that his most intimate friends were unable or afraid to solve.

Lucy's mother was a woman of deep piety, whose whole time was spent in trying to make her family happy in this life, and using her entire influence toward preparing them for happiness in the next. Her eyes were frequently filled with tears while looking at her husband and daughter, whom she devotedly loved, fearing the possibility of an eternal separation at death; then she would retire to her closet and plead in prayer, as only a Christian wife and mother can, that the names of these two idolized beings might be found written upon the hands of the Lord of Hosts, when he should come to make up his jewels.



## CHAPTER II.

"MOTHER," said Lucy, the next morning after her party, "did you notice George Alton last evening?"

"If you mean the gentleman wearing the garnet vest and large seal ring—yes."

"Well, isn't he a splendid fellow, as we girls say? Oh, mother! those black curls are perfectly natural. His father is a millionaire of New York city, and I heard Mrs. Parkman tell Mrs. Hall, he was the greatest catch of the season; don't you admire him, mother?"

"No, my dear, I do not."

Lucy's cheek paled as she turned suddenly toward her mother.

"In my opinion, the man is a professional gambler."

"Why, mother! how *can* you think so? What did you see in him to form such an opinion?"

"A number of things, Lucy: I have lived in the city so many years, where every grade of society is constantly passing and repassing before the eye, that from being a close observer, I can read almost every person's character at sight. You know it is very easy for you to detect persons who have been



thoroughly instructed in dancing, by their manners and movements. Well, it is quite as easy for me to detect a gambler in the same way."

"You don't mean gambling, mother; you mean simply card-playing. Now, how can there be any more sin in using that kind of card than conversation cards? all the young people use those."

"I consider playing for money a sin, whether it be on a billiard table, a card table, or a checker board. You know, Lucy, the Scriptures say, he that maketh haste to be rich shall suddenly come to want, and again, he that hasteth to be rich shall not be guiltless, and many times in the course of my life have I seen the truth of this Scripture verified in regard to gambling."

"Come, mother, do in all conscience desist; no matter what subject is started, you will always prove your opinion by Scripture; you have the whole Bible at your tongue's end, and, as father says, it does seem as if that book was written expressly for your benefit. Now, mother, I no more believe George Alton is a gambler, than I believe father is, and you know *he* is the *soul* of honor."

Mrs. Gelding's eyes drooped over her sewing, and in a moment more Lucy saw the lashes were wet with tears.

"Mother, dear mother," she said, kneeling before her, "do not mind anything I say; you know I must speak just what I think, but I would not injure your feelings; you know I love you dearly. Father likes that man, for I heard him invite him to dine with us next Sabbath, and I thought by the



way he addressed him, he had known him before, for he said, 'Drop in any time, George, just as you would at your father's.'"

"It is quite possible he has met him before," said Mrs. Gelding. Being perfectly satisfied in her own mind in regard to the character of this stranger, and seeing the interest Lucy had taken in him, she meant if possible, to guard her only child from his influence, for with dismay she had noticed his fine eyes following her the entire evening.

"Mary, my dear," said Mr. Gelding, as he entered his wife's dressing room that night, "I have invited Mr. Alton to dine with us next Sunday. He was very polite to me when I was in New York last fall; he intends stopping some time in this city, and, I presume, will call often; let everything be number one, as usual, for my sake."

"The house and everything in it is at your disposal, Thomas, but I am very sorry he is invited here on the Sabbath. I prefer that day should be sacred to my God and my family."

"Now, Mary, if you were not the dearest wife a man ever had, I would give you a good lecture on your puritanical notions. If one goes to church three times on the Sabbath, where is the harm between services, of enjoying a turkey and a dish of oysters?"

"No harm, providing they are cooked on Saturday, but that I expect you would object to."

"Why, certainly, I wish the dinner warm for invited guests, but you need not attend to it, we have servants enough for any emergency. Trust



me, Mary, I will not have anything done here on the Sabbath that will injure your Christian character. I am as tenacious of that at heart as you are; but I believe if you were only half as good as you are, you would go to Heaven passage free, and I intend to go wherever you do, so you see I am safe enough."

"But, Thomas, you know our servants have souls that would be injured just as much by breaking the Sabbath as mine would, and He who has said, 'Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy,' means what he says. 'Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap.' I fully believe in that quaint little rhyme—

'A Sabbath profaned,  
Whatsoever is gained,  
Is a certain forerunner of sorrow.'"

"Now, Mary dear, just stop. I do believe the Bible is your chief study, morning, noon and night. I imagine St. Paul was n't a circumstance. Oh dear, well," he said, throwing himself on a lounge, "if ten righteous men would have saved the fine old city of Sodom, I should think one such wife might save a family of three; but we shall see if we live long enough; as the old maid said by her coffin boards, 'If sister and I *live*, we shall want them.'"



### CHAPTER III.

"BRIDGET, was that you thundering round down stairs about two o'clock this morning?"

"No, faith, ye don't ketch me down stairs in the night after I once go up, I tell you, leastwise not for better than three months."

"Why sure, it's not timid ye be?"

"It's enough to make a Saint timid," said Bridget, crossing herself, "to have such a chap as that up in the parlor hanging round a house three months together."

"Shut up now, Bridget, if the master should hear ye say that, ye'd have marching orders before breakfast."

"It's not a foot I'd stir till I'd told him what I'd seen with my two eyes."

"What did ye see?"

"Something to make your hair stand on end, that jist, Patrick Marooney."

"Oh hush, now," said Patrick, turning his eyes toward the basement windows, "ye're always trying to scare somebody to death. Who do ye suppose is afraid of anything you ever saw?"

"Oh nobody, of course! did I say they was? I might have known a gentleman from Limerick



with yellow hair and pants to match would n't believe a Corkonian."

"Come now, Bridget, if ye'll tell me what ye did see, I'll buy ye one of them sky-blue things to wear in your hair next time I go down street."

"Why if I should tell ye, ye'd jist be poking fun about it every time John Mullen comes here."

"No I wont either, so say on, don't be all night about it."

"Well I'll tell ye for the hair-pin ye promised me; but if ever ye say anything about it to anybody, I'll scare ye to death some night, or my name is not Bridget Farley."

"Now ye see," says Bridget (glancing at the windows), "one night about three months ago, I sat up late to iron so as to get time to go to my cousin's funeral, and stay to the wake of his mother, and it was half past twelve when I hung the last bosomed shirt over the horse. So after I'd put away my ironing things I thought I'd go into the cellar for a hod of coal, for I knew I should oversleep myself next morning. Well, I'd jist got into that entry, when I heard a terrible swish swash in the back yard; it sounded jist like that big grapevine in the corner that runs over the wall. I stopped as if I'd been shot, and listened a minute; jist then I happened to think I'd forgot to shut up Miss Lucy's spaniel, and I thought to myself the puppy's tearing round among the flowers. So I opened the door and looked out into the yard, and saw the spaniel looking up into that grapevine. Well I went out and had jist stooped down to take



the pup by the nap of the neck, when that scamp up in the parlor dropped down from somewhere spank, into the yard. I dropped the dog and run for the house.

“ ‘The devil take the hindmost,’ said he, and started after me.

“ Up I went four flights of stairs, with him at my heels; my tongue hung out of my mouth, I was so scared; and ’peared like my feet stuck straight out behind. When I got to my chamber, I fell flat to the floor, I was so tired.

“ ‘Now,’ says he, ‘I’ll teach you to be watching me. If ever I hear of you saying a word about this, I’ll cut your tongue out of your head.’

“ I never spoke a word, but jist opened my eyes a little, and see him standing there with a big bundle under his arm and a man’s coat sleeve hanging part way from it.

“ That was what made me so sick when the priest came to see me. I confessed it all to him, and when he was here last week he told me he was on that fellow’s track, and if ever the law required, he could explain the contents of that big bundle.

“ There, do n’t ye think that was enough to be scared at? I guess I’ve earned my hair-pin, haint I?”

“ Oh, do hold your tongue about your hair-pin. I would n’t meet that man on the stairs to-night for all the hair-pins in the city.”

“ Well, do n’t forget the one ye promised me. Here, take your light and budge; if ye stay down



here much longer, my word on it, ye'll meet him some place."

Patrick took his light, and had just reached that fatal entry, when the bell wire at the front door received a violent pull, the terminus of which was directly over his head. In his fright he made a rush for the kitchen door just as Bridget, under full sail, had started for the hall. The collision was disastrous, bumping heads and smashing two oil lamps, the liquid being pretty equally divided between clothing and carpet.

"What the deuce is after ye, Patrick Marooney? ye'd better save your hide than to be smashing 'round this way, cracking a body's head open."

"If ye think ye're hurt, what do ye think of me? my forehead is jist caved in."

Another peal from the bell sent Bridget to the hall door.

The arrival was a dark, fierce looking man, about forty years of age, bearing a strong resemblance to the generality of City Policemen. He hurriedly inquired if a Mr. Alton was stopping there.

"Yes, sir," said Bridget; "what name, if ye please."

"I will introduce myself," said the stranger, stepping into the hall.

Bridget threw open the parlor door, and the man walked boldly in. He ran his eye over the group of persons until they rested upon George.

"Mr. Alton," said he, "James Hays, of the Bos-



ton Police. I would like a few minutes' conversation with you alone, if you please."

"Step into my library," said Mr. Gelding, leading the way.

The policeman passed round to where George stood, and walked in with him. Both ladies noticed the pallor upon Alton's countenance, but neither they nor Mr. Gelding made any remark concerning the stranger. In about half an hour George returned, saying the stranger called about some business he had been transacting for him, which made it necessary to leave town early in the morning, and with Mr. Gelding's permission he would invite the gentleman to room with him, as they were to travel together.

"Certainly," said Mr. Gelding, "you are at liberty to invite whom you please to stop with you."

George thanked him, and bidding the ladies good evening, went to his room with the stranger.

"Good on your head, Patrick Marooney," said Bridget, as she descended to the basement, "there's a magistrate up in the parlor, come after that curly pate, and I hope if he ever leaves this house, he'll die before he gets back, bad luck to him——there's the parlor bell, what's up now," she continued, flying up stairs.

"Bridget, I wish you to have an early breakfast," said Mrs. Gelding, "as Mr. Alton leaves in the morning boat."

"Yes, ma'am, is it the chickens or beefsteak that ye'll have?"



"Both, Bridget, with an extra amount of short biscuits."

"Yes, ma'am."

And down went Bridget to prepare for the early meal, and also to communicate her suspicions to Patrick, that George Alton had done something awful, and this officer did n't mean to leave or forsake him until he had him under lock and key.

"Well, do n't tell me anything more to-night," said Patrick; "what with your scarecrow stories and the smash up, I won't shut my eyes till morning."



## CHAPTER IV.

ABOUT two hours after George and the police officer left the city, Mr. Gelding received a letter from an old friend in Pennsylvania. The letter stated that one of his sons, who was in business in New York city, had been missing since last September. No clue to the mystery had been obtained until last week, when it was ascertained that an Irishman, who was formerly porter in the young man's store, had seen him on the night of his disappearance, enter a gambling saloon, in company with three others, all of whom the porter knew. The investigation would take place that week in New York, and the letter concluded by urging Mr. Gelding, by the memory of their early friendship, to be present at the trial, that the bereaved parent might have some one to sustain him, should the death of his son be proved.

Mr. Gelding at once made preparations for his journey, with a sad heart. He had always loved his friend James Salter, he was deeply pained on account of his affliction, and his mind was troubled about some other things, which he did not see fit to disclose.

"Oh, how lonesome it is here, with no gentleman



in the house," said Lucy, the next morning after his departure. "Father is all our life, and George has been here so long, it seems like losing a brother to have him leave. I am going down to have a frolic with Milo, and see if that will cheer me up."

"When you come in, Lucy, come up to my dressing room. I wish to speak with you."

"Yes, mother;" and away she fled down the back stairs and out into the yard, leaving Bridget to close all the doors, or, as she said, stand a smart chance of being drawn up the chimney with the cooking-stove, in such a draught.

In a few minutes, Lucy returned.

"See, mother, what I have found in the yard, under the old grapevine—a five-dollar gold piece that has been used as a button; see, an eye has been inserted in it. Milo was digging after a little squirrel, and threw it out of the ground; but how do you suppose it came there?"

"I cannot imagine, Lucy."

"I showed it to Bridget, and she said she saw ten just like it lying on George's dressing table one morning, when she went in to make the bed."

"An odd taste for buttons, certainly, and rather expensive," said Mrs. Gelding.

"Well, I will have something to tease father about now. I will tell him I have discovered a gold mine in our yard far preferable to other mines, for the gold is already coined. I will drop it into this vase, mother, until he comes home. Oh! what was it you wished to speak to me about?"

"Something, my dear, that lies heavy on my



heart, and has for a long time—I mean your intimacy with George Alton.”

“Why, mother, I thought we were all intimate with him; how can a family entertain a person three months and not be so?”

“My intimacy has consisted in gratifying your father’s wishes, nothing more. For some reason, George Alton is exercising unbounded influence over him. The fact has become so evident to me, that I thought the wiser course would be, not to mention the subject to him until, in the Providence of God, something should occur to open his eyes to his infatuation.”

“Do you think father would be influenced by him if he was bad?”

“We will drop that part of the subject, Lucy, it is of yourself I wish to speak. You said, this morning, George seemed like a brother. Are you sure he is not dearer to you than a brother?”

In an instant, Lucy’s color assumed a crimson hue, mounting to the temples.

“I think a great deal of him,” she said.

“Has he ever expressed affection for you?”

“He has, mother.”

“When?”

“Oh, a number of times during the last month.”

“Did you return it?”

“Not as he wished; he was anxious for an engagement. I acknowledged my preference for him, and was about consenting to an engagement, when, in answer to my fears that you would object, he became excited, and called you the old woman.



From that instant, I would not engage myself until I could forget the expression. I told him, if father should hear that, he would drop his acquaintance. He said, 'Have no fears of your father, Lucy, he is not in my way at all.'"

"Thank you, Lucy, for your delicate feeling for me, but Mr. Alton's likings or dislikings of myself have not a feather's weight in my mind; it is for your temporal and eternal good that I speak. My opinion of him is the same that it was the first time I saw him. That he is a professional gambler, I have no doubt. How would you feel, Lucy, united to a man of that character for life, forsaken by him for his gambling associates, evening after evening, and frequently for the whole night? Gambling is a vice that never goes alone, but draws, almost invariably, drink and licentiousness in its train. It is one of the surest weapons Satan employs against the soul of man. We frequently hear of a reformed drunkard, but how seldom of a reformed gambler. A person reformed from that vice may be marked as possessing unusual strength of mind. Could you be happy, Lucy, knowing, as you would if you married that man, that you was but one of the many who received his protestations of affection? What would you do in those circumstances?"

"What would I do? I would pack my things and start for home. Do you think I would spend my life with a drinking, gambling, licentious husband? The very *picture* of such a life is horrible."



"Then what must the reality be to the poor heart-broken wife?" continued her mother. "The picture is not overdrawn, Lucy, but is the daguerreotype of hundreds in this city, who pass for respectable men. The health and lives of their families are being sacrificed by a knowledge of their disgraceful characters. My heart bleeds for the young men of this city. They are enticed into this sin by every possible allurements that can be held out, according to the different grades of society; from the gorgeous saloon, brilliantly lighted by chandeliers, to the one-story beer shop, each grade can seek its level.

"About ten years ago, the police in a certain city made a *pounce*, as they termed it, upon a company of men, assembled one Saturday night for the purpose of gambling. They were taken to the police office for the night, and Sabbath morning, were handcuffed and marched through the streets to jail, to await their trial on Monday. Part of those men belonged to some of the first families in the city, their wives knowing nothing of their situation until Monday evening; think of the disgrace. And having seen the deadly effects of this vice illustrated in a number of families of my acquaintance, I am determined to use my influence in its suppression, by nipping it in the bud, whenever and wherever I have an opportunity."

"Well, mother, why did you refuse my acceptance of that beautiful set of chess that was presented me?"

"For this very reason, my dear. I think



Christian parents have no idea what they are doing when they allow all these games to be played in miniature in their parlors."

"Why, mother, the Rev. Mr. Mason is in the constant habit of playing checkers with his little daughter, and when I was in the country last summer, Mr. Gould, who was preparing for the ministry, played checkers; when he could not find a set handy, he would use corn."

"Well, Lucy, what was your opinion of a young gentleman, preparing to preach the Gospel of Jesus Christ, whose labor would consist in warning sinners to escape the punishment of hell, by breaking off their sins, among the most glaring of which, will be presented intemperance and gambling, also in exhorting Christians to set such an example before the world as should induce men to glorify their Father which is in Heaven, at the same time, sitting down publicly and playing checkers. What did you think of him?"

"Well, I must confess, mother, I have thought much less of him since, than I did previously, and I wondered whether he would ever baptize a company of young men, administer the communion, and then go home and have a game of checkers. I thought of this, from the fact, that the gentleman who preached on the Sabbath, spent the entire Saturday evening previous, playing checkers in uncle's store."

"Well now, my child, just note the influence such conduct has upon the world. In my opinion, nine-tenths of all the infidelity and gambling in



this country, is caused by the inconsistent lives of professed Christians. The majority of our parlors at the present day, are a gambling saloon in miniature. Chess, dice and a miniature billiard table, are very common.

“I know a Christian mother, who weeps and prays with her sons, warning them to shun the alluring scenes of vice, and the same evening will stand in her parlor, and play a game of billiards with those sons. How long would it take those boys, when free from restraint, to acquire a taste for that game on a larger scale? Many of our Christian homes have become, in fact, the primary department of the gambling saloon.

“The frenzied love of war in France, in the days of Napoleon First, would not have reached the height it did, but for the paper caps and wooden swords provided for children by their parents, a few years previous ; and gambling would not have deluged this country as it has, but for the encouragement it has received from professed Christians, by permitting it to enter their homes, in miniature form.

“Now, my request, Lucy, is this : that you will not engage yourself or your affections any further, until the character of George Alton can be proved.”

“I will not, mother, be assured.”



## CHAPTER V.

ON the evening of the day succeeding Mr. Gelding's departure, he arrived in New York. As the boat neared the wharf, he saw his friend awaiting him in a carriage; they drove at once to his hotel and proceeded to their private parlor. The wearing suspense Mr. Salter had endured, was plainly written upon his countenance.

"I had not heard of your affliction, James, until I received your letter last evening," said Mr. Gelding, "and in that you forgot to mention which of your sons was missing."

"Did I? Well, no wonder, Thomas; I have been so nearly distracted for three months that I am not capable of doing anything correctly. It is your namesake, Thomas Gelding Salter, that is missing, or dead I might say, for he undoubtedly is: as I wrote you, he was seen to enter a gambling saloon, apparently in great haste, and we have not been able to trace him any farther. I never knew him to gamble, but whether he has been enticed into it, or whether he was drawn in on that night on account of the large sum of money he was known to have upon his person, I cannot tell. I



only know he is gone, and my heart has been wrung, Thomas, oh, how cruelly, bitterly."

"I feel for you deeply," said Mr. Gelding, "as I would for a brother; but what design have you in view, in regard to the prosecution?"

"Why, I have heard that the porter, who saw him enter, noticed particularly the coat he wore. My sons are very peculiar about their dress, being desirous of having it different, if possible, from any one else; to this end, they had coats alike last spring, the cloth of Lincoln green, and the buttons were five-dollar gold pieces, with their initials marked just above the eagle. Each coat had ten buttons, fifty dollars. The porter noticed these buttons as he passed up the street before him. Now, if it is possible to trace the coat, we can probably trace the murderer."

"I think so," said Mr. Gelding, "and sincerely hope you may be able to do so."

As they rose from supper, Mr. Gelding begged to be excused an hour, as he wished to call on a friend of his, George Alton.

"George Alton!" repeated Mr. Salter, "why, that is the name of one of the three seen to enter the saloon with my son."

"Is it possible," returned Mr. Gelding, "'t is surprising he has never mentioned it to me; he has been at my house, more or less, for three months, and he knew you were an intimate friend of mine; his father is a millionaire of this city."

"Oh, no," said Mr. Salter, "his father lives in



New Orleans, and keeps what is called a gambling-hell."

"But he introduced a gentleman to me last fall as his father, a gentleman apparently of unbounded wealth."

"It is all a hoax, Thomas; that fellow has no means of living except by gambling, and never expects to have."

"Merciful Heaven!" exclaimed Mr. Gelding, "how have I been deceived. I will remain with you, James, this evening."

They accordingly returned to the parlor to talk of events past, present, and to come.

At an early hour the court-room was filled to overflowing. The missing man was highly esteemed, and several circumstances combined caused much speculation in regard to the *denouement* of the affair.

When Messrs. Gelding and Salter entered the court-room, George started from his seat and turned deathly pale. In a moment, however, he regained his composure, his countenance assuming a look of defiance. Mr. Gelding noticed his excitement, but did not choose to recognize his acquaintance.

The trial commenced. The porter's testimony was taken in regard to the coat worn by the missing man on entering the saloon; the three men at the bar were recognized by him as the three he saw in company with Salter that evening at the saloon door, and there all information stopped, nothing further could be proved, and the prisoners



were acquitted. Early next morning, Mr. Salter returned to his bereaved home, and Mr. Gelding to his beloved family.

“Mary,” said the husband, soon after his return, “are there any matches in this room?”

“I think I saw Lucy drop a few into that vase on your right,” said his wife.

Mr. Gelding took up the vase, and, turning it over in his hand, the matches slid out, and with them that gold button. He walked hastily to the window and saw what the ladies had not noticed,—the initials T. G. S. marked directly over the eagle.

“Mary, where did this come from?” said he, his voice trembling with emotion.

Mrs. Gelding explained to him where Lucy had found it, and repeated Bridget’s remark of having seen ten of them on George’s dressing-table one morning.

Mr. Gelding grasped at a chair, and fell senseless to the floor. His wife rung for assistance, and in a short time he became conscious, and requested to be left alone with his wife. Their voices were heard in earnest conversation, hour after hour; what the subject was, none in the house knew, but in the morning, before any one was stirring, he took a spade, and, turning up the earth at the root of the old grapevine, took from it nine gold buttons bearing the initials T. G. S.



## CHAPTER VI.

IN a front chamber of a house in the suburbs of the Crescent City, lay a woman in the last stages of consumption, emaciated to the last degree. She was passing through that state when life lights up the countenance with such unearthly brilliancy just previous to dissolution.

“My good, faithful Julia,” said the sick lady, “if my husband would only come now, I believe I could get well. I feel so much better.”

“Oh, my poor darling,” said the slave, bursting into tears.

“Why, what is the matter, Julia? don’t you believe I will be better soon?”

“Yes, missus, you’ll be better soon. Jesus, Massa, have mercy on us.”

“I think I could eat some of those cakes you cooked for me this morning; bring me some, Julia, with some tea.”

“Yes, missus;” and the faithful creature went out to bring her mistress food, as she well knew, for the last time. The lady made an attempt to eat, then, placing her hands over her face, the tears streamed through her fingers.

“Poor, dear heart, does it hurt your mouth so?”



“Oh, Julia, I thought I could eat everything, but my mouth is so sore—take away these pillows, and let me lie down, quick, I am so tired.”

The woman arranged the pillows, and laid her gently down. She drew one hard breath, and with that breath she breathed out her life. The slave was overwhelmed with wild, passionate grief, one minute praying for the departed soul, and the next uttering imprecations on the man whom she said was a lying scamp, never half good enough for her, the poor, dear lamb. She thanked the blessed Lord that her missus was at rest now, and where, she also thanked Him, her massa could never go.

While she was in this excitable state of mind, she heard some one mount the front door-steps, apply a key to the night-latch, and enter the hall.

Julia very well knew that but one person had a key to that latch besides herself: so, when she heard the sound of boots upon the stairs, she would not deign to turn her head, but stood contemplating the dead body of her mistress in sullen wrath. The door of the chamber opened, and a gentleman walked in, dressed in the height of fashion, and, so far as features, complexion, form and stature are concerned, beautiful looking; but oh, the soul that looked out through that countenance was of the darkest, deepest dye, from which any person of observation would have turned with a shudder. The room was darkened to such a degree, that the slight change which death had made was not discernible to a person just coming from the light.

“How are you, Lizzie?” said the man, walking



up to the bed, and taking the hand of the corpse, which he instantly dropped, with an oath.

"How long has she been dead?" said he, turning suddenly round to the woman.

"About half an hour."

"Why did you not tell me when I came in, and not let me take hold of a dead person?" at the same time looking at his hand, which had once clasped the one which now seemed so repulsive, in token of love, unchangeable, till Death did them part, but whom, during the five years he had been married, he had not seen as many months.

Seizing the woman roughly by the shoulder, "Why did you not tell me, I say?"

"Thoughted you could see for yourself," she answered.

"Well, pick up your duds, and be ready to start for the sale this afternoon. I think, he said (lowering his voice), it is well Lizzie did die, for she would be of no comfort to herself or any one else, she was so sick."

"Had n't you better die? you are no comfort to nobody nor nothing," said the woman.

"Mind yourself, or you will get into hands not quite so tender of you, before you are a day older. Go and answer that door-bell, and don't you let any one know I am here."

The slave opened the hall door, and two men stepped immediately in.

"Where is your master?" said one of them.

The woman was so much surprised by their abrupt entrance, that she made no answer.



"Come on, Roberts ; she has probably had her orders."

The men looked into the rooms on the first floor, but seeing no one, they ascended the stairs. The first room they opened was the chamber of death. There lay the corpse, cold and rigid, but no signs of a living man could they find in the house, for as they ascended the front stairs, the husband went down the back, and thus escaped his pursuers. As they returned to the hall they encountered the slave.

"Where is your master? we saw him come in here not twenty minutes ago."

"Have n't got any master," said the woman.

"Have n't got any master? do n't George Alton own you?"

"No, he do n't, nor never did. My missus owned me, but she made out my free papers ;" at the same time drawing a paper from her bosom, and quickly returning it. "And now I ain't nobody's."

The men, finding themselves baffled, left the house, while the woman proceeded to a neighbors for assistance to dress her mistress for burial.



## CHAPTER VII.

SPRING had succeeded winter, and summer came on apace. As the weather became sultry, Mr. Gelding's family began to lay their plans for an escape from the city for a few weeks.

The parents decided upon the stone house, Nahant, but Lucy preferred visiting some distant relatives in Vermont. Accordingly, it was decided that when dog-days commenced, the parents should take a trip across Massachusetts Bay, while Lucy should rusticate among the evergreen hills of Vermont.

"Mother," said Lucy, the day after the decision was made, "why do you suppose George absents himself so long? He has not even written; he has been gone ever since Christmas, and now it is June."

"I expect he has his reasons," said her mother.

"And I expect you and father know what they are; and, if so, why do you keep it a secret from me? I believe I am heart-whole yet; I do not imagine I should die, let his reasons be what they would."

"We did not intend, strictly speaking, to keep a secret from you, Lucy, but, for some very impor-



tant reasons, your father and myself thought it advisable not to mention the subject at present, unless obliged to do so by circumstances which are now beyond our control. My mind is very much depressed of late, and I hope, if you can feel to trust implicitly in your parents' judgment, that you will not refer to the subject again, unless obliged to do so."

"Certainly not, if it pains you, mother. I am not particular about renewing the subject or acquaintance either. Everything seems different since he left; father used to be out every evening when he was here, and now, he is always at home, unless engaged out with you. I was thinking yesterday, that from loving you devotedly, as he always seemed to, his love had amounted to idolatry."

"I have no desire that it should, Lucy. I wish that amount of love bestowed upon God alone. If I could see him a true Christian, what would I not be willing to sacrifice? It is my hourly prayer, that my husband and daughter may be converted to God. Just think how much you two could accomplish for Christ, were your hearts engaged in his service. You could perhaps be the means of winning souls to Christ, and 'he that converteth a sinner from the error of his ways, shall save a soul from death, and hide a multitude of sins,' and you could joy over those souls, through the endless ages of eternity. What an exalted work is the Christian's, if he could only realize it, in every sense, laying up treasure in heaven. When we



have been there age after age, this life will seem but a point of time. Eternity, existence without end. Do you ever think of it, Lucy?"

"No oftener than I can help, mother; it is an unpleasant subject to me; I do not see how a Christian can be happy. It seems to me, death, the grave, and eternity, are all they think of, either of which is enough to make me shudder."

"There, Lucy, is the difference between your ideas and those of a Christian. Death, the grave, and eternity, have no terrors for him. Death hath lost its sting, and the grave is swallowed up in victory, in that to die is gain, and the grave can hold us no longer than the resurrection. And eternity, oh, with what rapture does the Christian look forward to that life of perfect peace—surrounded not only by Christian friends, but by Christ and his holy angels. Oh, what society—

‘There everlasting spring abides,  
And never-withering flowers.’

"My soul is enlarged by the contemplation of such a home. It is the religion of Jesus Christ that enables the Christian, when bowed down by affliction and grief, his dearest friends taken from him and laid in the grave, to exclaim, 'I can bear all things, Christ strengthening me.'"

"I know you enjoy it, mother, but it is all Greek to me; I cannot even imagine happiness springing from such a source."

"Papers, ma'am," said Bridget, opening the door.



"You may lay them on the table," said Mrs. Gelding.

Lucy commenced looking them over.

"Oh, mother, here is the old Boston Traveler; would you like to have me read to you?"

"Certainly, my dear."

Lucy opened the paper, and ran her eye down the columns. "Why! mother, what is this?"

"Well, what is it?" said Mrs. Gelding.

Lucy proceeded to read.

"Died, in New Orleans, April second, Mrs. Elizabeth P., wife of George Alton, aged 22.

"Mr. Alton is the gentleman who figured so largely in our first circles last winter as a single man. We are informed, upon reliable authority, that Mr. Alton was married some five years since. Such is life."

"Detestable villain!" said Lucy, when she had finished reading the paragraph. "The black-hearted wretch! to forsake that wife, as he did, and make love to another; why, he would have married me last winter if I would have consented; how can you sit there so calmly, mother, and know so contemptible a being walks the earth?"

"His depravity was as evident to my mind the first time I saw him as it is now," said her mother.

"Well, I will teach him he cannot act his depravity in my father's house, and escape punishment."

"Thank God, it is no worse, Lucy."

"I cannot think of God, and that wretch, in the same day,—proposing marriage to me,—*a married*



*man!* If I live, I will be revenged upon him for this."

"Lucy, stop!" said her mother. "'Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord.'"

"Well, he may pay him in the next world, and I will pay him in this; he ought to have double pay."

"Lucy, be careful how you answer God's word."

"Why, mother, he is a perfect fiend, fit only for the society of fiends. Just think how he has been caressed and flattered by the first society in this city. Then think of that wife, poor, heart-broken creature; very likely she died in consequence of his neglect. And in view of all this, you are willing to wait until the day of judgment, to have him punished."

"I am willing, Lucy, God should deal with him, just as he sees fit. He cannot look upon sin with the least allowance. Judge then, if you can, what his dealings with him will be, for he says he 'will render unto every man according to his works.' He does not always wait until the day of judgment to punish the evil-doer, and it would not be wise, I can assure you, to interfere with his designs."

"I do not wish to interfere, but I would like to add a little in my feeble way," she said.

"If you could see the judgments of God," continued her mother, "on the poor, guilty sinner, and the fallen Christian also, as I have, a number of times in the course of my life, you would never say another word of being revenged upon your



enemies, but would rather pray, 'Father, forgive them; they know not what they do.' 'It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God.'"

"I am more indignant on his wife's account than my own," said Lucy. "I heard a young lady say, the other day, 'she did hate widowers.' I think it would not take much more to cause me to hate mankind generally."

"You had better drop the subject, Lucy, until you can speak of it calmly."

"I think, then, I shall be obliged to drop it for an indefinite length of time, for I have no idea of ever sitting down and calmly conversing upon George Alton's behavior; but I intend starting for the Green Mountains at once, dog days or no dog days. I do not wish to breathe the air of a city that has been tainted with his pestilential breath, for the present at least."

"That reminds me, Lucy, of a note upon the center-table, left for you early this morning."

Lucy flew down to the parlor, and soon returned with the open note in her hand.

"Well, mother, there continues to be some pleasant things in this world; this note is from Miss Livingston. She intends visiting the White Hills, accompanied by her two brothers, and invites me to join the party. I think it would be delightful to travel together. I can take them to Vermont, and then go on with them to the White Mountains. Would you approve of that plan, mother?"

"Certainly, Lucy, I value that family very



highly, and am always happy to know you are in their society."

In the evening, Lucy called on Miss Livingston, to arrange the journey, and returned in high spirits. She had obtained a perfect daguerreotype of herself for her parents. Miss Livingston had proposed buying a spy-glass, to enable her parents to look after her any time.

The next Wednesday week they were to commence their journey. Purchases were made, wardrobes replenished, trunks packed, and at seven o'clock on the long-wished-for morning, the old Boston and Worcester stage drew up in front of Mr. Gelding's door. Taking Lucy and her baggage, it proceeded to D—— street for the Livingstons, and a lighter hearted company never left the city, than went out in that old mail coach.

Lucy promised to write once a week during her absence, and the reader can have the letters just as her mother received them.



## CHAPTER VIII.

ABOUT a week after Lucy left home, Mr. and Mrs. Gelding sailed out of Boston harbor, and the next evening the boat brought the following letter:

DOVER, VERMONT, July 15, 18—.

DEAR MOTHER:

Here I am, among the mountains' "lovely solitude." I have scarcely patience to commence my letter with my journey, but suppose that would be the most correct way.

Our ride from the city to Worcester was very pleasant. I was surprised at the number of lovely villages we passed through. I do not believe another State in New England will compare with Massachusetts in this respect, not only in number, but in the extreme neatness and order of its country residences; perfectly beautiful, mother, and so much attention paid to gardening—not a front yard but was filled, or partly filled with beautiful flowers, and some of them arranged with exquisite taste. Then the front windows were almost invariably draped with verbenas, petunias and fuschias, while the porticoes were loaded with jasmine, honeysuckle and prairie roses. Then the old shade



trees and neatly swept lawns, looked so cool and clean, and in many places the "old oaken bucket," and time-honored well sweep held their sway, reminding me of the old song father loves so much.

We arrived at Worcester in the evening; were very tired, but early in the morning, we were up and out. We had time, before the stage left, to visit the Insane Asylum, and got a peep at a number of magnificent private residences.

We returned in time for breakfast, which was chiefly beefsteak and snowy biscuits, certainly the whitest I ever saw; they were remarked by every one at the table. The landlord sat with us. He said he paid fourteen dollars per barrel for the flour. I imagine if father should see a ship load of that quality, he would buy the whole cargo.

We left here about nine o'clock, for the north—no other passengers in the stage. We arrived at Winchester at nine o'clock in the evening. Here we ascertained, for the first time, that the stage would proceed no further, but return next day.

As it was a beautiful moon-light night, we concluded to hire a private carriage to take us to Brattleboro. That evening, accordingly, we set out. The ride was delightful, the road stretching along the banks of the Ashuelot River for miles. At midnight, we crossed the deep-rolling Connecticut, and entered Brattleboro. We stopped at the Vermont House, kept by O. Lord. Miss Livingston said the very name was an oath.

We were very tired, I can assure you, and it was



morning before we slept. I have not begun to tell you what I wish to, but my letter is filled, and I can only add, I am very anxious to hear from you, and shall expect to in a few days.

P. S.—We are all well and happy.

LUCY GELDING.



## CHAPTER IX.

MR. and Mrs. Gelding employed their time in riding, bathing, fishing, and gunning. There were a number of boarders at the Stone House from the several cities on the bay ; every one and everything seemed pleasant and agreeable. Mr. Gelding seemed more devoted, if possible, than ever to his wife ; the two weeks they had been at Nahant, they had not been separated as many hours. It was several times remarked by strangers, "that in death, those two would not be long divided." Mrs. Gelding moved around with her usual quiet dignity, beloved by every one. Were ladies preparing to sail, ride, bathe, or walk, she was always ready with some little act of kindness, that would find its way to the heart.

It was while walking on the beach with her husband, that the depths of her soul seemed to be unlocked, and she would converse, in the most sublime language, quoting those beautiful figures of speech, from the Psalms, so appropriately, as to bring tears to Mr. Gelding's eyes.

Stopping short in their walk, one day, she looked up at her husband and earnestly inquired,



"Thomas, do you wish to spend an eternity with me?"

"Certainly," he said, throwing his arm around her.

"Well, do you not know, that without a preparation for death, you cannot?"

"Yes, my dear, I know it."

"Then, why do you delay?"

"I have made up my mind," he said, "if I live to get back to the city, to attend to that subject the first thing; it troubles my mind very much."

"Supposing death should overtake you while here?"

"Oh, do not," he said, "indulge the idea that God would allow us to be separated through all eternity; it would be too much."

"He is under no obligation to save you, unless you come to him to-day. 'To-day, if you will hear his voice, oh, harden not your heart.' Oh, I hope God will not deny me this blessing," she continued, "whatever else he may see fit to lay upon me."

"Come," he said, "let us take a sail. Your mind seems filled with gloomy apprehension. I am afraid the air by the sea-shore makes you nervous."

"Oh, no, it does not; I only wish to be sure you are safe—that is all;" and soon after, they were gliding over the waters, and did not return until evening.

The next morning, the boat from the city came in, bringing the mail, and in it, were a number of



letters for Mr. and Mrs. Gelding, and among them, another from Lucy.

DOVER, VERMONT, July 12, 18—.

DEAR MOTHER :

I suppose I must commence where I left off, but shall be glad when I have caught up with myself.

We hired a hack at Brattleboro, to take us to Newfane, and I think I never saw so accommodating a driver. Whenever we saw berries beside the road, he would let us all get out and gather them, and, in return, we would drive, and let him walk.

We started early in the morning, and it was four o'clock in the afternoon when we arrived at Newfane, a distance of twelve miles, so you may know we had a fine time on the way.

You should have seen the good people, when we drew up in front of the one store of the town, to make inquiries. I positively believe, they thought us wild animals escaped from some menagerie. I was not much surprised at this, for we were very wild.

You know how dark Miss Livingston is; well, her complexion had assumed a much darker hue, from exposure to the sun and mountain air. So we were wicked enough to pass her off as a runaway slave. She, at the same time, helping, by calling me Missus, which, you know, would overthrow my dignity in an instant. After we left the store, the road wound around the foot of a moun-



tain, and there we laughed, driver and all, until we were nearly sick.

After riding about a mile, we ascended a very steep hill to Mr. Gould's house. The windows and outside doors were open, which convinced us the family were at home, so we alighted and proceeded to the house, while the driver took out his horses, and tied them to a tree for rest and refreshment before returning, but not a living person could we find anywhere on the premises.

Finally, after making sundry investigations, and each trying the strength of our lungs, in order to attract attention from some quarter, we succeeded in raising a wood-cutter, who was at work just above us on the mountains. Judge of our surprise, when he told us the family were on a visit, six miles distant; and they always left the house open in warm weather, day and night.

Our only alternative was to harness up and go on to Mr. Green's, which place, we reached about six o'clock, and our carriage returned to Brattleboro, after giving the driver our best wishes and parting blessings generally.

Here we found the family at home, and so kind, the most pleasant people in the world, mother, proving the falsity of the old adage—

“The cold in clime are cold in blood.”

They commenced at once, cooking us a country supper, to which we did ample justice; then, at nine o'clock, we were provided with berries and milk. Any person in Massachusetts having fifty



dollars to spare, wishing to enjoy its full value, can do so by taking a trip to Vermont, and stopping at private houses among the mountains.

The scenery is perfectly grand. Mr. Green's house is situated about half way up a mountain, surrounded by the native woods, except in front, where there is a large clearing, descending to the foot, along which, a beautifully clear stream, called the South Branch, winds its way along, over rocks and pebbles, leaping and singing, "like a thing of life."

In the evening, the gentlemen went on to the mountain, to see the huge fires. The wood-cutters were burning that splendid timber, in order to clear the ground. It was a very bright night, and as we stood in the door, we could see the mountains rising here, there, and everywhere in the distance, completely shutting us in from the outer world.

Oh, how delightful for a summer residence. I enjoy everything I see and hear, even the hooting of the owls.

The next day, we walked on the mountains, and walked in the valleys, and walked the river, springing from rock to rock, and we walked the road, gathering berries by quarts.

Sunday morning, Mr. Green filled his lumber wagon with chairs, and took us all to church. We recognized the people we saw at the store when we came into town, and wished to renew the acquaintance, but they were not inclined to do so, apparently fearing an outburst of hilarity, if they should speak to us on the Sabbath.



The church was built of solid oak, pews and all ; the denomination, Baptist. As we came out of meeting, Miss Livingston drew my attention to a man, leaning against a corner of the church.

It was a very warm day, and he had come to meeting without a coat, and with his sleeves rolled up to his shoulders. I was obliged to leave instantly.

We went to Mr. Gould's to tea, and in the evening Mr. Green took us to Dover, to visit Mr. Hall's family. And now, we must part, dear mother, for another week.

P. S.—I write my letters to you, and direct them to father, but, of course, he understands, you are both one to me, as well as yourselves.

Good bye, mother.

LUCY GELDING.



## CHAPTER X.

THE day after Mrs. Gelding received this letter, she accompanied her husband to Provincetown, on a fishing excursion. They intended returning the same evening, but the gentlemen were so much elated with their success, that they concluded to remain a week, and Lucy's next letter, written from Acworth, New Hampshire, was sent down to that place.

ACWORTH, N. H., July 20, 18—.

DEAR MOTHER:

Our party are in fine health and spirits. We arrived at Mr. Hall's about sunset. His house is situated upon the Summit. We could stand in his door and see the mountains, roll after roll, beyond each other, as far as the eye could reach. The people everywhere welcome us with the greatest hospitality.

The next morning we were up betimes, to see the sun rise. Everything here reminds me forcibly of that little song I used to sing—

“Morn amid the mountains,  
Lovely solitude,  
Gushing streams and fountains  
Murmur, God is good.”



The water used at this house is brought from a neighboring mountain, in lead pipes, which terminate in the wood-house, where the water slowly but constantly drops from it into a large receptacle of wood.

The warmest day I have experienced in this region, we visited a lake on the highest peak in this vicinity. We found the water of the lake icy cold, and, in many places, found ice deeply embedded in moss, having the appearance of being moss-grown with age. We were completely tired out when we returned. By the way, mother, I have not seen a checker-board since I entered Vermont, but, in nearly every house, I have seen a plan for fox and geese marked out upon the bellows, and no amount of argument can make the people believe it has any connection with gambling.

The style of dress here is very different from that of Massachusetts; the waists of the gentlemen's coats are all up under their arms, and a young lady, teaching the district school, wore regular brogan shoes. One evening, a dance was proposed. One of Mr. Hall's family plays the violin, and when those brogans were called into requisition, I forgot my bringing up, my mother, and everything else, and yielded to an uncontrollable fit of laughter, but the company had not the least idea of the cause, except Miss Livingston, and every time the teacher came round in the cotillon, opposite Miss Livingston, she would look at those shoes in a way that made me perfectly unmanageable. Finally, I proposed a walk by moonlight, and the cool mountain



air had an effect to calm me down. When we returned, Mrs. Hall was boiling maple molasses, and we had the pleasure of eating it warm.

The next morning, we visited the maple orchard, and the day following we set out for this place, the journey occupying three days. This State differs from Vermont, but still, is very beautiful, and the scenery very fine. I have noticed, in this vicinity, the roads, stone walls and rocks, generally are all sparkling with isinglass.

We visited the family of Doctor Manley, also, of his father-in-law, both of which visits we enjoyed very much. We were everywhere treated with the utmost kindness.

To-morrow, we leave for the White Hills, and thence proceed homeward. I am getting almost uneasy about home. I was never away from the old Bay State so long in my life.

I have thought about my parents since I have been here, oh, so much. I would prefer going home, to visiting the White Mountains; but, you know, it would not be treating the Livingstons politely, they have visited so long with me; but one week more will finish my travels, and then for home and my parents.

I shall not write again, but tell you the rest at home. Farewell, dear parents.

LUCY GELDING.



## CHAPTER XI.

ABOUT a week after this letter was received, Mrs. Gelding proposed returning to the city, in order to have the house arranged before Lucy's arrival, but Mr. Gelding and his gentlemen friends wished to take one more fishing sail; it was, therefore, agreed they should fish that afternoon, and the next morning take the boat for the city.

Directly after dinner a sail-boat, containing a large amount of ballast, equipped with guns and fishing tackle, left the wharf, with Mr. Gelding and friends on board.

They had not been gone an hour, when Mrs. Gelding perceived a squall, coming in from the east. Knowing the disastrous tempests which frequently occurred upon that coast, she became instantly alarmed. Throwing on her mantilla and bonnet, she hastened to the wharf in search of some experienced sea-faring man, on whose opinion she could rely. As she was looking round among the mackerel and codfish storehouses, she encountered an old sea captain.

"Sir," said she, "have you noticed that cloud in the east?"



"Yes, madam, I have had an eye on it the last half hour."

"What is your opinion?" said Mrs. Gelding.

"Well, ma'am, it is an ugly-looking squall, and, according to my reckoning, betokens a regular tempest."

"Oh, my husband!" said the lady.

"Was your husband on board that fishing smack?"

"He was on board the one that went out this noon."

The man looked at her, and looked at the cloud, but remained silent.

At length he stepped into a storehouse, took up a spy-glass, and, leveling it, looked out upon the sea; the next minute he passed it to the lady.

"There," said he, "level the glass to that white speck, in range with them highlands, and you will see all that any one in this world can see of your husband, this afternoon at least."

Mrs. Gelding placed the glass to her eye, and saw distinctly the number of men in the boat; she saw the sport was over, and they were trying to head the boat for shore. In fifteen minutes, they were hid by the storm, and her clothes were being drenched by the rain and surf, but she heeded it not. There she stood, with the glass to her eye, although she could not see half way to the boat.

Suddenly there came a lull, quickly succeeded by a terrific rush of wind, which sent the birds shrieking to the woods, and the tempest was upon



them. The old sailor took her by the arm, and led her into a storehouse.

"Poor lady," said the kind-hearted man, "you are not the first woman these tempests have robbed of all that was dear."

"They will, undoubtedly, be lost?" she said, inquiringly.

"God only knows, for vain is the help of man in such a storm," he said.

Mrs. Gelding raised her eyes to Heaven, and, in a voice perfectly calm, exclaimed, "Oh Thou who holdest the winds and waves in Thine hand, have mercy upon the impenitent soul."

"Amen," said the sailor.

The tempest raged on an hour longer, and when it cleared, not a sail was visible upon the sea. A number of boats were manned and sent out to the fishing-ground, but not a vestige of a sail could be found. The ballast probably carried them down, as soon as the sea washed over them, but on the opposite shore were a dozen or more lifeless bodies, and among them Mr. Gelding and friends.

Mrs. Gelding did not leave the wharf until the body of her husband was brought on shore. There she stood, that Christian wife, by the side of the dead body of her impenitent husband.

"Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him," at length burst from her lips, but not a tear came to her relief.

God help the lone widow in her great sorrow. Well is it for her if, in that hour of agony, she can gather up the torn tendrils of her heart, and train



them to entwine around the Lord Jesus, for time and eternity.

The next morning Mrs. Gelding returned to the city with her husband's remains. The day following was the funeral, Rev. Dr. S—— officiating. A sermon was preached from the words,—“Whom the Lord loveth, He chasteneth.” The speaker did not harrow up the feelings of the stricken one, by referring to the deceased, but used all his eloquence in presenting the promises of the Gospel, in the most vivid light, to her who was bereft of life's best treasure.

Mrs. Gelding was perfectly calm and composed in mind, but she had taken a severe cold from being so thoroughly drenched by the surf and rain; a fever ensued immediately, and, in one week, she had gone to be with that Saviour in whom she placed such implicit confidence.

The day after Mrs. Gelding was buried, Lucy returned to her desolate home. She was met several miles from the city, and informed of her irreparable loss.

Her grief and consternation were overwhelming. She had the house closed, admitting no one but the Livingstons and her pastor, and there she remained, struggling with herself, and with the Holy Spirit, until near the close of the third week, when she yielded her heart to God.

The day following, the house was thrown open, and every one who called was kindly admitted. Lucy moved around, quiet and self-possessed, and, as the neighbors remarked, strikingly resembling



her mother in deportment and conversation, her countenance even wearing a smile, so tranquil and happy was the soul within. Miss Livingston spent most of the time with her, and every week added peace to her now reconciled heart; but the old adage, "one trouble never comes alone," often proves true in a threefold degree.

About a month after Mrs. Gelding's death, as Lucy was sitting in the parlor one day, conversing with Miss Livingston, a letter was brought to the door for her, bearing the New York postmark.

"Why, I have no acquaintances in New York that I know of," she said.

"Perhaps it is a letter of condolence from one of your father's acquaintances," said Miss Livingston; "you know he spent several weeks there last fall."

"Perhaps it is," she said, "but I do not recognize the signature, Lasselles; it is a French name."

Lucy commenced reading: and as she proceeded her countenance became deathly pale. Miss Livingston became alarmed.

"Lucy, dear, do not read it. Mistaken sympathy, that harrows up one's feelings by bringing past grief fresh to mind."

"You are mistaken in your supposition, Miss Livingston; it is something far more cruel than that would be; I will read it to you."

NEW YORK CITY, September 10, 18—.

TO MISS LUCY GELDING :

Dear Madam—I am writing to you professionally upon business of importance, entrusted to me by



one George Alton. That gentleman has in his possession notes of hand, signed by your late father, which will more than cover the city residence you occupy, which, I am informed, is all the property your father left. In order to spare your feelings, Mr. Alton is willing to take the property quietly and give up the notes; but if you object, he will immediately advertise and sell it at public auction. I am requested to say those notes were obtained at the gaming-table last fall: the games were fairly played, as a number of gentlemen can witness.

I shall be in your city next week, and will call on you. By that time you will decide which course shall be pursued.

Yours professionally,

JAMES LASSELLES.

"Do you intend giving up this beautiful property to that miserable fellow?" said Miss Livingston.

"If the signatures are in my father's handwriting, I do."

"Had you the first idea your father was a gambler?"

"I have recently adopted the idea that 'the heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked,' and I believe no one is able to fathom it. I can now appreciate my mother's purity of character."

"Why, Lucy, how can you take things so calmly? I thought you would be one to stand a



lawsuit in such an emergency. Do you realize you will be left penniless?"

"I do, fully; but I have health and strength. My piano is my own, my education is my own. I can teach music, painting, sketching, French and Italian languages, and can say from my heart—

‘Thou, O Christ, art all I want.  
All in all in thee I find.’

One month ago my feelings would have been entirely the reverse; but now I feel I have a rich Father in Heaven, and I know He will do all things well."

"You surprise me, Lucy. I never saw such a change in one's disposition."

"Not for the worse, I hope."

"You always suited me well enough in that respect; but you shall not teach for a living, you shall have a home at my father's; your society would make me very happy."

"But, Miss Livingston, you forget my pride of character; the bread of dependence I cannot eat, at least so long as my health is spared me."

"It would not be dependence, but a special favor bestowed upon me."

"I will find some employment," said Lucy.

The next day, Mr. and Mrs. Livingston sent a pressing invitation to Lucy to make their house her home, which she promised to accept for a short time, until she could secure a situation as teacher of music and other ornamental branches of education.



## CHAPTER XII.

THE next Wednesday week, Mr. Lasselles was announced. Bridget ushered him into the parlor. He was a person above the medium height, a simpering, self-important lawyer, of French descent.

"Miss Gelding, I presume?" said he, as Lucy came forward to receive him. "Mr. Lasselles, of New York city."

"Will Mr. Lasselles please be seated?"

The gentleman accepted the offered sofa, and at once commenced running his eye over the rooms in quite a business-like way.

"A very fine residence you have here, Miss Gelding; very fine taste displayed, both in architecture and furnishing."

"'There is no place like home,' " said Lucy.

"An elegant piano: you play, I presume: how life-like those engravings are."

"They are not engravings."

"Not engravings? I mean those upon the side wall."

"They are monochromatic paintings."

"Is it possible? I would have taken my oath they were engravings."

Then came a dead pause.



"Well, Miss Gelding," he said, at length, "we may as well come to business at once. We lawyers are obliged to poke our noses into very disagreeable affairs sometimes, but it is not our fault, we simply do the bidding of others. Mr. Alton authorizes me to express his warmest sympathy for you in your affliction, and says if he had thought your father would not have lived to redeem his property, he would not have played for that stake. He seems perfectly honorable about the affair."

"I think," said Lucy, "the least Mr. Alton says about sympathy the better. A man wholly unprincipled, and utterly devoid of moral character, cannot know the *meaning* of sympathy, even. I would advise his not attempting a subject so much above his capacity."

"I don't know how much heart the man has," said the lawyer, "but he appears well enough to strangers, at least so I thought. Well," he continued, after a short pause, "have you concluded to take the notes for the house?"

"I will look at them before giving you my decision," she said.

He took from his pocket-book several notes given by Thomas Gelding to George Alton, all of which were secured by mortgage upon the homestead. Lucy looked at the signatures. There was her father's elegant handwriting, and peculiar flourish below the name.

"Tell Mr. Alton," she said, "I shall not stand in the way of his ill-gotten gain. 'Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord.' "I will refer him to



the Lord of Hosts for the settlement of this affair, if not in this world, in that great day of reckoning, when all accounts will be settled."

"Well," said the lawyer, "I only wish he had employed some one else to manage this affair; I do hate to deal with women; somehow they have the power to make you feel mean, whether you have done anything wrong or not. I suppose," he continued, "Alton would not have hurried matters so much if he had not been obliged to."

"He was married last week to an heiress, a Baltimorean. The lady fancies a northern city, and this house will be their home, a part of the time at least. For that reason he wishes the premises vacated this week."

"I believe that is all the business I was to attend to here. I have business in another part of the city, and must bid you good morning, Miss Gelding."

Lucy returned his adieu, in a voice calm as his own. She closed the hall door after him, and looked from the side-lights to the dwellings opposite, then turned and looked at the one she was in. Home, parents, all were gone. She raised her clasped hands and streaming eyes to Heaven. "Oh Saviour of my soul," she exclaimed, "whom have I in Heaven but thee, and there is none upon earth I desire besides thee."

"Fear not, I am with thee, be not dismayed," witnessed the Spirit with her spirit, and she was calmed. In that hour of trial, she felt the assurance unmistakably that God, even the Lord, would in his



own good time, right all her wrongs, and she made the stern resolve to brave the world, asking no favors, earning her own support, so long as her health would permit. She rung the parlor bell, and Bridget made her appearance.

“Is Patrick below?”

“Yes, ma’am.”

“I would like to see you both in the parlor a few minutes.”

Bridget went down, and soon returned with Patrick.

“My faithful friends,” said Lucy, “I have sorrowful news for you.”

“And what is it can be worse than we have had?” said Bridget.

“I have to leave this place this week. I have no longer a home here.”

“And is it what ye’re saying ye mean?” said Patrick.

“Certainly. Do you remember Mr. Alton, who stopped here last winter?”

“Faith and it’s me that has what for to remember him,” said Bridget.

“Well, it seems my father owed him some money, and he has taken the place in payment.”

“There, Patrick Marooney, did n’t I tell ye there’d be a devilment, sooner or later, from that fellow? Tophet is the place for him, if it’s not too good.”

“You know, Bridget, we are to pray for our enemies,” said Lucy.

“I’d rather hire somebody to pray for such a



scamp as that. Here's three of us turned out of doors for that miserable fellow. I hope he'll die when his time comes, if he can't before."

In the course of the day, it was determined to store the furniture in the attics of Mr. Livingston's house; then all three were to fare alike—that is, look for employment as soon as possible.

That evening Lucy spent in her father's library, looking over his papers.

One little drawer in his secretary she was unable to open; the key that had fitted it before, would not now; a new lock had evidently been put on. She searched the secretary, over and over again, but in vain; the drawer could not be opened.

The next day, as she was packing, she came across the clothes her father wore when he was drowned. As she folded them, she found a small parcel sewed in the waistband. She hastily cut the stitches, and there, carefully wrapped in a piece of woollen cloth, was the key to that drawer.

She went immediately to the library, applied the key, the lock flew back, and the first thing that met her eye was a letter, addressed to herself, in her mother's handwriting. She took up the letter, and underneath lay those ten gold buttons, the earth still adhering to them, as when first taken from the ground. She opened the letter and read.



## CHAPTER XIII.

MY DEAR AND ONLY CHILD :

I feel it is a duty to make certain disclosures to you, which, if in the Providence of God, your parents were suddenly taken from you, would be important for you to know. I refer to the origin of those gold buttons. They answer the description perfectly, of those worn by Thomas Salter, the last time he was seen in the street. Your father found them buried at the foot of the old grapevine, and taking into account where Bridget saw them one morning, it is evident George Alton knows the fate of that unfortunate young man.

What I wish of you is, if an innocent person should be suspected and tried for the murder, that you, if living, should produce the buttons, state the facts in the case, and let the law take its course. But if no further light is thrown upon the subject, let the buttons remain a secret with yourself.

"Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord," and, depend upon it, not one word of his law shall fail.

Should you ever suffer through his influence, let not this disclosure have any weight in the affair,



but trust God, trust your mother, and watch the dealings of Heaven in this case.

It may be the means of forming entirely new ideas in your mind, the influence of which may be felt through the endless ages of eternity.

So confident am I of your integrity, and unaffected love for your parents, that I consider no promise necessary on your part, to insure a faithful discharge of duty in accordance with your parents' wishes and advice.

Your affectionate parents,

MARY E. GELDING,  
THOMAS GELDING.

"Thank Heaven," exclaimed Lucy, "your confidence is not misplaced. I will follow to the very letter, the last faithful Christian advice of my mother. It is nearly like seeing her, so lifelike is that advice. I feel strengthened, and will pray God to make me more and more like my angel mother.

She replaced the letter, locked the drawer, took the key with her, and continued packing. At one o'clock, Lucy and the servants sat down together to their last dinner in that house. Lucy was perfectly calm, but the servants wept like children.

"God knows," said Bridget, "I'd like to get hold of that infernal's neck. I'd twist it off as I would a rooster's."

"Try to be calm," said Lucy, "it makes me feel very bad to see you so much excited."

"Calm is it, and that old instrument driving us



from house and home. Not a candle would I light, if his black soul started to-day."

"He 'd not need your candles," said Patrick, "a blazing blue fire 'd light him, soon as ever he 's on the road."

"Let us talk of something else," said Lucy; "we will think of heaven, the home of the blest, where all will be peace forever. Let us 'strive to enter in at the straight gate, for many shall seek to enter in, and shall not be able.' Let us ask Jesus Christ, the Son of God, daily to send the Holy Spirit into our hearts, and teach us his law, that when we come to die, the blessed Saviour may receive us into everlasting habitations, 'where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.'"

Bridget wept aloud, and Patrick declared if he lived through this scrape, he believed he could live through the final conflagration."

The next morning, the furniture was stored at Mr. Livingston's. Bridget and Patrick went to spend a few days with some friends, until they could secure situations, and Lucy was received by the Livingston family with open arms.

The Sabbath following, she attended church. Her pastor preached from the words, "My grace is sufficient for thee." It seemed to her the sermon was prepared for the express purpose of strengthening her, and at the close of divine service, she felt that she had gained a day's journey heavenward, and her spiritual strength was renewed.

That week she expressed her intention to Mrs.



Livingston, of making inquiries respecting a situation as teacher.

“Lucy, dear,” said that lady, “do not humble yourself in this way, you are as welcome to a home with us as our own children.”

“I know the perfect kindness of your heart, Mrs. Livingston, but pride and poverty are not true yoke-fellows, and, in my case, must not be permitted to work together. I know you would do all in your power to make me happy, and that is a great deal; but I would not sacrifice my independence, as I should feel to do if dependent on your generosity, for the entire wealth of this city. God will protect me, Jesus Christ, His Son, will strengthen me, His Holy Spirit will guide me; and I am confident all will end well. At any rate, I am going to trust him.”

“You are rich, Lucy, heir to an heavenly inheritance, which none can take from you.”



## CHAPTER XIV.

AFTER inquiring among her acquaintances a number of days without success, she determined to advertise for a situation. Determination and action went hand in hand with her. Accordingly, the week following, a certain newspaper went forth on its mission, through city and country, State and Union, bearing in its columns the following advertisement:

### WANTED.

"By a young lady, a situation as teacher of music, painting and modern languages. The best of references given and required."

Sooner than she could have expected, a letter came from a country village, about fifty miles distant, urging her to come and establish a school, teaching those branches exclusively. They had a building prepared, but had not succeeded in securing a teacher both competent and willing to undertake the charge.

Lucy had her piano boxed, packed a couple of her finest paintings, her sketches and wardrobe, and bidding Mr. Livingston's family an affectionate farewell, set out for the unknown village.

It was late in the evening when she arrived at



the hotel in the village of H——, where she was kindly received by the proprietor and his lady, who were perfectly acquainted with the particulars concerning the school and expected teacher.

The next day, she was waited on by several gentlemen of the village, who were interested in the school, and it was ascertained that she could commence with twenty scholars in those branches, at forty dollars each per year. Lucy, with a heart filled with gratitude, commenced her labors on the following Monday, making the hotel her home.

She was delighted with the excellent taste displayed by the villagers in arranging their grounds and dwellings. Nothing could exceed the beauty of the rich fall flowers, blooming in a number of gardens. About five miles from this village was a large city, and several acres of land were literally covered with choice flowers and shrubs, for the express purpose of furnishing boquets and plants for market.

A number of its inhabitants were very wealthy. The village had its physician, its one church, and some as good society as can be found in New England; and it had also its scandal-loving society; what village has not?

Lucy, like a rare exotic, was suddenly transplanted in their midst, and it was rather more than some ladies of doubtful age could bear, to see all eyes turned in one direction. Lucy, however, was utterly ignorant of the fact. She had been trained in a city where people are obliged by law to attend to their own affairs, and not another's, consequently



she had not the first idea of being watched, or her actions commented upon.

Is there a country village in the United States, if a young lady stranger makes her appearance, especially if that appearance is prepossessing, that has not one or more persons in its society, who will attempt becoming exceedingly intimate with that stranger, by loading them with all the small talk of the town, respecting said stranger?

Well, the village of H—— was not an exception to this general rule. Lucy had her own peculiar way of putting down this low business, as may be seen by an incident that occurred about a fortnight after her arrival. Lucy's education had been attended to at an early age, and her affliction had lent a mature appearance, so unusual in young ladies of sixteen, that it could be accounted for in no other way, by a certain class, than by attributing it to downright pride. There was a great mystery about the young lady, in the eyes of certain persons; somebody must have done something somewhere, somehow, or a young lady from the city, owning ten silk dresses, could not have been induced to go fifty miles into the country to teach.

She received numerous calls, and among the rest, one from Miss Perry, a lady, who, among other cognomens, was styled an old maid. Not wishing to be behind this "proud flirt," as she termed Lucy, in regard to dress, she sallied forth one morning, to make her first call, in a silk dress that had once been her grandmother's, with gored skirt and bishop sleeves, a watchman and reflector in each of the



latter, in order to show their full size, three brass breastpins, one in the collar, another holding a brass chain together around the wrist, in lieu of a bracelet, and the third, in the center of a black velvet band drawn tight across the forehead.

Judge of her surprise, on being introduced by the hotel keeper's wife, to see a young lady come forward with perfect ease and politeness, dressed in a cheap mourning calico, with no ornament of any kind, except a miniature pin which fastened her plain mourning collar.

"How do you like our village?" said Miss Perry, after the usual salutations had been exchanged.

"Oh, very much," said Lucy. "I think the country beautiful. I am passionately fond of flowers, and Mr. Willet has given me permission to walk in his grounds whenever I please. I think it a very great favor."

"Mr. Willet is very polite to some ladies," said Miss Perry; "have you become acquainted with many people in town?"

"Not yet; I have not been here quite two weeks. Those I have seen are chiefly parents of my scholars; they seem to be very pleasant, kind-hearted people."

"Well, you must try to get acquainted, and let people see you are not so stuck-up as some folks represent you to be."

"What is that, please?" said Lucy.

"Oh, I don't know; I happened to think just then what I heard some ladies say who were talk-



ing about you ; they thought you a dreadful proud, stuck-up piece, and walked as though the ground was not good enough to step on ; they guessed, if the truth was known, a young lady owning ten silk dresses, and elegant jewelry, had not much to brag of in the character line ; but then this is a great place to talk ; I never have anything to do with their slang myself, but I thought I would just give you a hint of what people thought of you, and then you would know better how to manage. I thought, thinks I, you would n't think much of them girls, if you knew how they talked about you."

"I think just as much of them, as I do of the one that will come and tell me of it," said Lucy. "Neither, I imagine, are capable of friendship, in any sense of the word."

To use Miss Perry's own language, "If a battering-ram had took me in the teeth, I could not have been more dumfounded than by that speech. I was in such a hurry to get out, that I forgot I had on my silk dress, and I caught one of my big sleeves in the door-latch, and tore it half a yard, reckoning both ways I tore it ; she'll never get me to befriend her again, I tell ye. I do hate city people, they have such a way, if you meddle with their affairs, of making you feel it is none of your business. I was going to get sister to send Rhoda Ann to her school, but now I intend to run the school down if I possibly can."

"Well," said her nephew (a young gentleman of seventeen), "that, I imagine, is more than you can



possibly do. Mr. Willet is the richest and most influential man in town, and he says Miss Gelding is a perfect lady; he does admire her city ways, so independent, and, at the same time, so perfectly pleasant and agreeable; he considers her a perfect godsend, and he is a bachelor, you know."

"Well, I don't care what Mr. Willet says; he is no great affair; if he had been, he would have married long ago."

"You are not so sure of that," returned the young gentleman. "I imagine if society in town had not been so thoroughly picked over, he would have had a wife long since. He is a dear lover of home, and seldom leaves town for any length of time."

"Well, I would n't marry him to-day."

"Don't injure his feelings by refusing before you are asked, for the probability is you will be spared that trial, you poor creter."

"Your mother shall hear of your talk," said Miss Perry; "you are getting decidedly impudent."

"My mother can do nothing with me, I am perfectly lawless—the worst fellow in the world, folks say; but that is not all, auntie. Our young minister, who has become a certain maiden lady's oracle, told me that Miss Gelding was a lady of deep piety, thoroughly educated, fitted to adorn any society in city or country. What do you think of that, Miss Perry, of thirty-nine winters?"

"I'll warrant all the men will go crazy about her. If there is an animal in this world I hate, it is a man. I don't see what they were ever made



for, unless it was to torment the lives out of women, who never did them any harm ; I am thankful to mercy I am clear of the whole race."

"You know what the frog sings, don't you, auntie."

"I would if I could, but I could n't," commenced singing that young gentleman, in a dolorous tone.

"I declare, you are enough to craze anybody to death,"—and the afflicted lady left the room, holding her handkerchief to her eyes.

From that day, to the close of her school in H——, Lucy heard not a word of slander concerning herself. Should the reader ever be troubled in this way, let him try Lucy's recipe, and our word for it, the desired effect will be produced.



## CHAPTER XV.

DURING her first term, Lucy became acquainted with a Mrs. Warland, a lady of wealth, who spent most of her time in doing good in whatever way presented itself. Among her objects of charity was a sick lady by the name of Ayers. Her husband was formerly a grocer in that village. After being in business about a year, it was noticed, a number of suspicious-looking persons from the city were ensconced in his office, a large part of the time. Often, gentlemen had called on business, and finding the store locked, had made inquiries at the house, and his wife had affirmed she had not seen him since the day previous. These circumstances excited suspicion, and during his absence one day, the town authorities searched the premises, and there, as had been anticipated, was found a large assortment of gambling apparatus, with a full set of burglars' tools. An officer awaited his return to bring him to justice, but the physician begged them to defer sentence upon him while his wife lived. She had been in consumption a long time, and was then rapidly nearing the grave. The request was granted, and Lucy frequently saw him,



guarded by an officer, as she passed through the yard to the house, accompanied by Mrs. Warland.

One day late in the Fall, as Lucy was walking in Mr. Willet's grounds, she was joined by the proprietor. He cut an elegant boquet and presented it to her.

"I will accept it on one condition," she said.

"Name it, Miss Gelding."

"I wish to carry it to Mrs. Ayers. She is very fond of flowers."

"Certainly," said he, "you are at perfect liberty to make your own selection from my flowers, not only for yourself, but for Mrs. Ayers."

Lucy thanked him, received the boquet, and left the grounds.

That evening, on entering the sick lady's room, the poor invalid extended both hands towards her.

"Oh you are so kind," she said, "to remember me in my poverty and distress. You have been an angel of mercy to me; I shall soon be where flowers immortal, bloom forever, 'changeless and bright;'" and she kissed alternately, Lucy's hand and the flowers. "You would scarcely believe," she continued, "that two years ago, I was of your age, a bright happy being."

Lucy uttered an exclamation of surprise, for the hair of the invalid which had once been long and glossy, was now cut short in the neck, very gray, and perfectly dry and dead.

"I have requested Mrs. Warland, when I am gone, to relate to you my history. It may be a benefit to you. A kind friend she has proved



herself. Jesus of Nazareth, who knew what it was to be forsaken by all he held dear on earth, will amply reward her for her great love to me."

Lucy, fearing she would injure herself by conversing, left, as soon as Mrs. Warland came in for the night. As she returned home, her thoughts flew with lightning rapidity from earth to heaven, and back again to earth. Mrs. Ayers was about exchanging worlds. A few days at most, and she would depart. She would see her mother, and undoubtedly make her acquaintance. Oh how near eternity seemed,—only a step; one might almost send word. Gladly she would have exchanged places, and go to her mother and Saviour, in her stead. In deep thought she entered the hotel, and passed up to her room. The first thing that met her eye on entering, was a new checker board, and a pack of cards, lying upon her center table.

For a moment she stood transfixed, indignation being the predominant feeling of her heart, but a moment's reflection convinced her, the insult had been given through ignorance, for no one in town knew of her particular views in regard to such games. She went to the landlady for an explanation.

"Why," said the lady, "I had my man buy them, on purpose for you. Here you have had callers evening after evening, and nothing to amuse yourselves with, and I thought the other evening when Mr. Willet and his mother called, that it was too bad. I could hear you three, talk, talk, almost



incessantly, and nothing to take up your minds with. I fairly pitied you; and I told my husband, that you paid us a good price for your board, and you ate no more than a squirrel, and I was afraid if we did n't show you some favors you would get homesick, so I had him buy them for you."

"I am confident your intentions were perfectly kind," said Lucy, "but I heartily despise anything and everything of the kind. When my mind so far degenerates, as not to enable me to entertain myself and my friends without the aid of gaming, I will relieve the town of my then worthless presence."

"Why, the deacons of the church play fox and geese, and I thought checkers would be more genteel."

"What did your husband pay for them?"

The lady named the sum. Lucy took out her portmonie and passed her the amount.

"Now so long as you treat me kindly you need have no fears of my getting homesick. I am perfectly satisfied with the price I pay for my board, and from my heart thank you for your uniform kindness and attention to me."

"Well, if you are only contented, it is all we ask," said the woman.

Lucy returned to her room. A nice coal fire was burning in the grate. She shut the cards in the checker board and set them on the coals, and in a few minutes was relieved of their presence.

In relating the circumstance to her husband, the



landlady said, "The way that girl has of looking at a body, is enough to annihilate them. I believe if she had looked at me ten minutes, there would not have been enough of me left to tell the tale, *if she had n't spoke a word.*"



## CHAPTER XVI.

"THERE, I've left my wash-dress hanging up in Mr. Gelding's house," said Bridget Farley, the day Lucy's furniture was removed to Mr. Livingston's. "Now, if I do n't go right back and get it, I shall run afoul of that curly scamp, and I had as lief see the evil one."

No sooner said than done; she on with her bonnet and started for the center of the city. She went into the back yard, and raising a window, stepped into the basement. It was quite dark, but she knew just where she had left it. She ran up one flight of stairs, and had just set her foot on the second, when "What in the fiend's name are you here for?" said a voice that made her, as she afterward expressed it, "shake in her shoes."

"Oh, Lordy!" she exclaimed, and running down a part of the stairs, and leaping the rest, she flew into the kitchen, out of the window, through the yard and out at the back gate, and was crossing the street at a high speed, when she hit her foot against a loose paving-stone, and fell her length over the curb-stone on to the sidewalk, dislocating her wrist and otherwise injuring the bones of her arm.

"Now if I can ever live to see that fellow hung,"



she said to the physician who was examining her arm, "I will have one glorification over it, I tell ye. What he is allowed to live for, the blessed Virgin only knows. I believe I am doomed to be killed by him, sooner or later, it is all one to me which, if he is going to live."

During the next two weeks, painting, paper-hanging and carpenter work, were busily carried on in Lucy's old home.

The walls of the library were hung with green and gilt paper, the carpet of green and white Brussels, the furniture, mahogany, with green and white upholstery; the brilliancy of the paper subdued by heavy green and white window drapery. That room was very pleasant, its two windows looking out over the flowers in the rear yard. The old grapevine in the further corner, had run along the high brick wall, and crept over both windows, holding up its broad, green hands to the glass, as though it would add by its color, the finishing touch to the corresponding hue within.

The walls of the parlors and corinthian columns were perfectly white; a white Wilton carpet, with baskets of blue-bells appearing at intervals on its velvety surface. Mahogany furniture, with blue and white satin upholstery; window drapery the same, arranged with white embroidered lace. Vases of white porcelain, containing magnificent boquets of wax flowers, with crystal shades, ornamented the mantels. Each side of the chimney pieces were statues, with wreaths of bluebells and snowdrops encircling the brow.



The first front chamber matched the parlors in a less expensive material; the room back of it, the library in color; the third story was in crimson; the fourth, drab. When all was completed, so entirely was the house metamorphosed, that one would scarcely recognize it, the whole house bearing evidence of wealth and perfect taste.

The following week, the bride, a beautiful lady of twenty-two, was introduced into her new home. This lady was an orphan, with one hundred thousand dollars at her disposal, a member of an evangelical church, well educated in book lore, but ignorant of the duplicity of the wide world, having but a faint idea of the depths of depravity the human heart is capable of; a lady of strong will when aroused, and who would stand for the right in the face and eyes of an assembled universe, if need be. She had been won by George Alton partly by his fine looks, and partly by his extravagant protestations of affection for her, as the object of his first and only love. The idea that he had ever paid his addresses to another, or was other than he seemed, was not in her imagination. Being perfectly honorable herself, and believing the majority of the world to be the same, she was very happy.

People acquainted with George Alton, were astonished at the match; but did the reader never observe, that a man who has no faith in himself, will be most particular in selecting a wife he can place confidence in? And what being on earth is worthy of confidence, or has inherent purity of character, if he be not a true follower of Jesus



Christ? I say a true follower, for "not every one who saith Lord, Lord, shall enter into the Kingdom of Heaven."

A member of an Odd Fellow's lodge was recently complaining of the short comings of a certain professor of religion. "He thanked the Lord that he did not profess Christianity; honesty was all he boasted of, and that was more than some Christians possessed." A lady hearing of the complaint, inquired if the delinquent was not an Odd Fellow. "Yes," was the reply. "Well," said the lady, "I do not imagine that Christianity or Odd Fellowship was the cause of the wrong act, but a lack of the vital principles of both."

Oh, what a shame upon many Christians at the present day, that they do not live more in conformity to the will of God, and according to the required teachings of the Holy Scriptures. Consistency, that brightest jewel of a Christian church, has, in many instances, become so marred and dim, as to cause the world to believe it impossible that a gem of the first water exists beneath its defaced surface. From the advent of Jesus Christ to the present day, it has been the same, consequently, when our Lord and Saviour was instructing his disciples concerning certain traits of character requisite, in order to keep the straight and narrow road to the end, they despairingly inquired, "Are there few that be saved?"



## CHAPTER XVII.

MRS. Alton was not a musician, although exceedingly fond of music. Often during the first few weeks of her marriage, she would urge her husband to accompany her to the public grounds of the city, where, every evening, one or more bands were discoursing excellent music, but he always had a particular engagement the evening she selected, and finally she ceased inviting him altogether.

She had brought with her from her native city, a protege, a young boy of Scotch descent, whom she fancifully dressed in livery. His name was William Watts, but the Irish domestics at once denominated him "Lord Baltimore,"—the name probably suggested by his fine dress, and Mrs. Alton's native city. He was twelve years of age, had an amiable disposition, willing to do any and everything to promote the happiness of his benefactress. This lad used invariably to accompany the lady in her walks about the city, and to the public grounds.

"Nelly," said Alton, entering the library where his wife was sitting, "will you lend me one thousand dollars for a short time?"



"Certainly," she said, and taking her bank-book she tore out a check, filled it out, and signed her name.

Her husband took the check down town and practiced an imitation of her autograph until it was perfect: he then to the one added a cypher, making it ten thousand, and sent it to Maryland. As Mrs. Alton had neglected placing the comma in its usual place, the forgery was not detected.

In a few days the money came. He returned the one thousand to his wife, and the other nine were staked at the gaming table.

"I am beginning to think the people of this city very unsocial," said Mrs. Alton. "I have been here two months, and have not received a call except from my pastor."

"Oh, that is nothing," said her husband; "they are waiting one for the other, and will all come at once, by and by."

"I would like to make their acquaintance," she said, "particularly those who attend the same church. I am accustomed to so much society, it seems very odd. How long have you owned this house?"

"Only a few months."

"Who owned it previous?"

"I don't know; the house was for sale, and I bought it."

"Who did you pay for it?"

"Why, the broker, of course; what makes you so inquisitive?"



"I am something like the Indians," she said, "in regard to judging from observation. I noticed the name, Mary, planted in evergreen in the yard. The plants were evidently of this year's growth, and from these facts, I inferred some young lady had left here unexpectedly."

"I never knew a young lady here of that name," said her husband, "but I do not pretend to know the entire history of this house."

"I think," said the lady, "this is as beautiful a location as I have seen in this city. If I had ordered the house built, I could not have been better satisfied."

"The location is beautiful, the house is beautiful, my wife is beautiful, but I am so harassed that I can enjoy neither as I wish."

"You harassed! on what account?" said his wife, in surprise.

"Why, my banker does not send my money regularly; my business is speculation, you know, and if one does not have money by him, he is liable to lose the chance of making his fortune any day."

"Is that your only trouble? Take that thousand dollars I loaned you before. I have no use for it."

"That would not be enough," he said. "It is a two thousand speculation I have in view, one which would probably turn itself in a week; and then the money could be returned."

"Well," said the lady, "I will write for another thousand, then, and when you return it, I can



place it in a bank in this city. It will be more convenient, if we wish to use it unexpectedly."

"I think, in that case, you had better write for two thousand, if anything occurred to prevent my receiving funds as soon as I expect. I would not like to have you destitute of ready money, possibly you might wish to use some yourself, you are in such a habit of giving to every one who asks."

"Very well, I can as well send for two as one," and extracting another check, she filled it out for two thousand, which, in one half hour, was made to read twenty thousand, and soon after followed its predecessor to Maryland.

Mrs. Alton's banker was an old friend of her late father, and when, in the short space of three weeks, thirty thousand had been drawn out in her name, he began to fear all was not right.

Accordingly, he ventured a few words of remonstrance in a note accompanying the last-named amount.

"Do not run into reckless extravagance," said he, "for the sake of exhibiting your wealth to strangers. I have lived in that city myself, and am fully acquainted with the ways of the people. The men composing the first class society are self-made men, and have risen by their own industry and exertion to the high eminence they occupy. One hundred thousand dollars is a small sum, compared with the wealth of a number of your citizens, and the more exact you are to live within your means, the more you will be respected by the inhabitants of that city."



As may be supposed, this note never reached Mrs. Alton, but one bearing a correct imitation of her handwriting, was returned to the banker, expressing surprise that he should think her guilty of such extravagance, alleging, as the reason of her heavy demand, a wish to transfer a part of her property to her adopted city.

This note was perfectly satisfactory, and fully relieved the mind of the friendly banker. In a few days Alton returned the two thousand to his wife, and the remaining eighteen thousand were staked and lost during the next twenty-four hours.

Heaven is kind in not revealing to us the future. "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." Could Mrs. Alton have seen the next year of her life, as it was marked out for her, in what agony of spirit would she have wrestled with her God, in the hope of prevailing with him to take her from the evil to come.



## CHAPTER XVIII.

"MRS. WARLAND wants the school ma'am to come to Mrs. Ayers quick as she can," said a little boy to the hotel keeper's wife, the second evening after Lucy's last call.

That lady ran up stairs and repeated the message.

Lucy, with her usual promptness of action, soon entered the sick chamber. One look convinced her a change had come over Mrs. Ayers, her countenance plainly showing that death had commenced his work.

Several minutes elapsed before she could command her feelings sufficiently to approach the bed. On seeing her distress, Mrs. Ayers reached out her arms toward her, at the same time calling her by name. Lucy went to her, and clasping her in her arms, wept like a child.

"My dear sister," said the dying woman, "do not grieve for me, but feel that rest must be acceptable to me, after so hard a journey through life."

Long and tender was their leave taking, Mrs. Warland and Lucy praying at intervals for the departing spirit until midnight. As the clock commenced striking twelve she opened her eyes, and fixed them upon the flowers, which had been



the gift of Lucy ; when the last sound of the clock died away, the soul of Mrs. Ayers was in the company of glorified spirits.

Who does not vividly remember the first death-bed scene they ever witnessed ? The scalding tears, the ejaculatory prayer, the parting hand, the last kiss, the dying gasp, and last look of those sightless eyes. Is not religion needed in that hour of mortal conflict ?

This was Lucy's first view of death, and in that hour she consecrated herself more fully to the service of God.

With trembling hands, and tearful eyes, she assisted Mrs. Warland in shrouding the emaciated form for the grave, the husband meanwhile manifesting the most stolid indifference.

"Mr. Ayers," said Lucy, after all had been completed, "would you like to look at the body of your sainted wife ? Her countenance is very pleasant."

"No, I do n't know as I do ; why should I ?"

"For the simple reason that this is probably the last opportunity you will ever have of doing so."

"I expect it is ; what do you mean ?" said the man, with a start.

"I mean that your wife has left the stormy, tempestuous shores of life, and is now safely enfolded in the arms of her Saviour, in the city of our God, where the inhabitants shall no more say, I am sick. 'God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes, there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more



pain, for the former things are passed away.' Would you not like to spend an eternity with her in that blessed home?"

"Do n't," said the man. "I tell you to stop."

"Come," said Lucy, "and see how peaceful she looks."

The man arose and went to the bed.

"Mr. Ayers," she continued, "I wish you to remember that the last time those lips ever moved on earth, they moved in prayer to God for your soul."

The husband groaned aloud. "I tell you to stop, or leave the house," he said. "I cannot stand your talk."

"If you cannot stand this, how do you expect to endure the fiery indignation of an insulted God, after having trodden under foot the blood of his crucified Son, shed for the express purpose of redeeming your soul from death?"

"I do n't expect to stand it," he said, "I expect to be lost; it can't be otherwise."

"It is daylight," said Lucy, "and we must leave here soon: are you willing to hear a chapter read from the Bible before we leave?"

"Yes, do read something quick."

Lucy selected the last chapter of Revelations, commencing, "And he showed me a pure river of water of life, proceeding out of the throne of God, and of the Lamb." When she had read the eleventh verse, "He that is unjust, let him be unjust still, he that is filthy, let him be filthy still, he that is righteous, let him be righteous still, and he that



is holy, let him be holy still," the man bowed himself to the floor.

"Pray for me, Miss Gelding," he said, "for I am not fit to pray for myself."

Lucy knelt beside the corpse, and poured out her soul in prayer, as she would for her dearest friend. The tears rolled down the face of that stern man as he rose from his knees.

"God be merciful to me a sinner," he exclaimed.

"He will if you ask him in truth and sincerity," said Lucy.

Mrs. Warland brought in their bonnets and shawls, and they prepared to leave.

"You are not going," he said.

"Yes," said Lucy, "we must leave awhile; you know we have been up all night."

"I know," he said, "but what will become of me?"

"You must go to God, Mr. Ayers, just as you are. State to him your case just as you feel it, and ask him, for the sake of the atonement made on Calvary, to have mercy on your soul. Confess your guilt freely to him, and throw yourself wholly upon his mercy, resolving "if you perish you will pray, and perish only there."

"I will try," said the man; and the ladies left him, with the promise of sending the pastor to him immediately.

The next day was the Sabbath, and the funeral was to be attended in church.

The pastor had spent the entire week in getting up a sermon which he considered a master-piece,



from these words: "For there is no other name given under heaven, or among men, whereby we must be saved, but the name of Jesus Christ."

He commenced: "Now if the Bible is true, there is no other name we can hope in for salvation than the name of Jesus Christ." He then went from Genesis to Revelations, and back again to Genesis, skipping here, there and everywhere, to prove that the Bible is true. When this was accomplished to his satisfaction, the time was twenty minutes of twelve; the remaining twenty minutes were spent in trying to prove that Jesus Christ was the Son of God, and all this time, a poor, friendless, penitent sinner was sitting there, waiting and longing to hear what he must do to be saved.

After service the body was buried in the church-yard. While the sexton was filling up the grave, the congregation left the yard. As Lucy was passing through the gate, accompanied by Mr. Willet, Mr. Ayers spoke to her, requesting a few minutes conversation. "Certainly," she said, and stepped back into the yard.

"Miss Gelding," said the subdued man, "I want you should tell me, what I must do to be saved. Somehow I could n't get hold of that sermon to do me any good, no way. I know the Bible is true, and that Jesus Christ is the Son of God, and always knew it, but I do not know how he can pardon such a wretch as I am. If I was as good as any one else on earth, if I was in any way fit to be a christian, I might have some hope; but no, I am too vile."



"You say," said Lucy, "you feel unfit to be a christian; do you feel your need of a Saviour? do you feel that without his interposition, you must be eternally lost, and that justly?"

"Yes: I feel all that, through and through."

"Well," said Lucy—

"'All the fitness he requireth  
Is, to feel your need of him.'"

The poor sinner looked at her a full minute in perfect silence; at length he repeated—

"'All the fitness he requireth  
Is, to feel your need of him.'"

"Why, how that sounds to me; but can he, will he, pardon such a wretch as I?"

"He is able," said Lucy. "'Let the wicked forsake his ways, and the unrighteous man his thoughts, let him turn unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him, and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon.'"

He thought awhile, and as Lucy watched him, she saw a change come over his countenance: the distressed, despairing look, passed off, and as in a dissolving view, a look of calm repose, then joy, beamed forth.

"Is that so?" he exclaimed; "is the blessed Lord such a God as that? did Jesus Christ shed his precious blood for me? will he take me just as I am, and forgive my sins?"

"It is even so," said Lucy.

"'He makes no hard conditions,  
'Tis only, look and live.'"



“Can it be possible?” said the man; “why how plain, how easy. ‘Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, praise his holy name.’ How pleasant everything looks. I can scarcely believe my senses.”

“Let us thank God,” said Lucy, “for his great grace.” And they knelt beside that grave, the new-born soul, and Lucy, the officer on guard, and the sexton, Mr. Willet standing only a few paces from them, and Lucy thanked God with her whole heart, for the purchase of that soul, for his unspeakable love to the children of men. The tongue of the converted man

“Broke out in unknown strains,  
And sung surprising grace.”

In speaking of the scene, a year afterward, Mr. Willet said, “he never witnessed anything so touching, as that group around the grave, or the principles of a pure Christianity so beautifully exemplified.

That week, Mr. Ayers had his trial. Instead of imprisonment, his sentence was a heavy fine, which Mrs. Warland generously paid, and the man was at liberty to commence a new life, which he did in earnest, and to-day, the most faithful, devoted Christian in that church, is John Ayers.

“Let him know that he that turneth a sinner from the error of his ways, shall save a soul from death, and hide a multitude of sins.”

In the afternoon of that Sabbath, the pastor preached from the words, “One Lord, one Faith,



one Baptism." Instead of explaining the Lord, Faith and Baptism contained in the articles of faith adhered to by the Church he represented, the entire service was spent in showing the beliefs of other denominations, holding them up in a disparaging light.

Lucy's disgust amounted almost to indignation. No food for the soul, she thought, in anything of that kind.

On the Wednesday evening following, the pastor called at the hotel. After a few preliminary observations were exchanged, he said,

"I have called, Miss Gelding, to converse with you awhile, in hope of getting cheered up. I have been exceedingly depressed in spirit this week, for some unaccountable reason, I almost fear I have mistaken my calling. I spent more than usual time in my study last week, but somehow, I could not feel the presence of the Holy Spirit, particularly on Sabbath afternoon. Now will you tell me, Miss Gelding, in your own candid way, how you liked those sermons last Sabbath?"

"I did not like them at all," said Lucy.

The young pastor blushed deeply, for to his shame be it known, the image of Lucy Gelding was far more prominent during the production of those sermons, than that of his Saviour.

"Am I not right," he said, "in fearing I have not been called to preach?"

"I think," said Lucy, "you have undoubtedly had a call to preach the Gospel, but I do not consider that afternoon's labor was preaching the Gos-



pel, by any means. I think you forgot your own dignity and that of your calling, when you stooped to present to your congregation, other denominations in a ridiculous light. What good can ever accrue to this people from such a course? Your church should be instructed by their pastor, that they may thoroughly understand the particular doctrines they profess, in order to become rooted and grounded in the faith. Imagine a watchmaker, the mechanism of whose calling is of the most intricate nature, having a large establishment, his work-rooms filled with apprentices eager to learn the trade. This man is confident that his instructions in watch-making, according to all prescribed rules, historical facts and personal experience, are the only ones that will enable an apprentice to manufacture a watch correctly, but instead of 'proving himself a workman that needeth not to be ashamed,' by initiating those young men into the mysteries of the art, he spends his time in trying to prove to them, wherein the blacksmith, the carpenter and wheelwright have erred in the manufactures of their respective avocations. Would not those young men, at the close of the year, be better acquainted with those several trades, from the elaborate explanations they have received concerning them, than with watch-making, of which they have heard comparatively nothing? Last week I was conversing with a member of your church, respecting a certain doctrine contained in your creed. The lady positively denied the existence of such a belief in the church. After giving her con-



clusive evidence of the fact, she declared herself an unbeliever in a doctrine of that nature. All that was wanting in this case, in my opinion, was proper instruction and study."

"Miss Gelding," he said, "you have, through the grace given you, opened my eyes to a number of things heretofore unthought of. I will try, God helping me, to profit by these hints."

This pastor was a man possessed of many noble qualities of mind, a number of which had thus far lain dormant. His failings were chiefly the result of inexperience.

Lucy saw nothing more of him until the next Sabbath morning, when he gave out his text in the following words :

"For I determined not to know anything among you save Jesus Christ and Him crucified."

"Amen," said a gray-haired member in one of the front pews, an expression never before heard in that church, but the text was read in so decided and heartfelt a manner, that the gentleman forgot himself. Another, who did not profess religion, declared if the minister would stick to that text, he would pay twenty-five dollars towards his salary.

The sermon was excellent, the congregation all attention. From that day, he went forward, growing day by day in grace, his progress onward and upward, the result of which was powerfully felt, not only in that village, but in the adjoining country and neighboring city.



## CHAPTER XIX.

LUCY's school prospered finely, in spite of Miss Perry's oft-repeated belief, that "she was no great scratch." The next Saturday afternoon she was invited to spend with Mrs. Warland, in fulfillment of Mrs. Ayers' request, to acquaint Lucy with the history of her life.

Snow commenced falling soon after Lucy's arrival, but the ladies heeded it not, so interested were they in each other's society, and in the recital of Mrs. Ayers' history.

"The earliest history of this lady," commenced Mrs. Warland, "corresponds with many others in this world, and I will condense it by saying, she was tenderly reared in her city home, until her seventeenth year, at which time she was bereft of both parents in one day by cholera. She was driven nearly to distraction by the sad calamity; but when in a few weeks it was ascertained, that the gaming-table had placed mortgage upon mortgage upon her father's entire property, she felt that her previous troubles were swallowed up in this last disgraceful denouement.

"A neighbor invited her to remain with his family a few days, until she could decide upon



some course to pursue for her future maintenance. During the first week of her stay with them, she could decide upon nothing, her mind was so much disturbed by leaving her home; and when the second week commenced, with her having no definite object in view, the lady of the house gave her to understand that her society was no longer expected or desired; in three days their house would be closed for the summer, as they were intending to spend that season in the country.

“What she should do, which way she should turn, she had not the first idea. Her distress and excitement amounted almost to frenzy.

The next day at dinner, a gentleman was introduced to her by the lady of the house, as Cousin John from the country. He was a portly-looking personage, wearing a huge fob chain, and, as was supposed, gold-bowed specs, but a closer inspection would have put Galvani himself to the blush.

“He was very chatty at dinner, expatiating largely upon his farm in the country, his fine cottage, with a walk leading therefrom to the road, bordered by fine old shade-trees, his two dear old maiden aunts who had reared him from infancy, being his only companions in that rural retreat. He was quite agreeable, expressing warm sympathy for the orphan girl who sat opposite. She was in love with the home he described; it seemed just such a resting place as her perturbed spirit required.

“On retiring to her room, she was joined by her hostess, who informed her she need not exert her-



self to find employment at present, as they should not leave the city for several weeks now Cousin John had come; they intended taking a sail, and she invited her to be one of the party, which invitation was accepted.

“They had a fine excursion; Cousin John was all attention, coinciding with her views in all things, and when they arrived in the city that evening, she had formed the decided opinion that Cousin John was a very sympathizing country gentleman; in short, when at the close of a three weeks’ visit, he found it necessary to return to the country, he also found it possible to take the orphan with him, as Mrs. John Ayers.”



## CHAPTER XX.

“It was midsummer. The country was dressed in its gayest colors; and as they rode through beautiful villages, and passed occasionally the princely residence of some retired city merchant, Mrs. Ayers was enchanted, and pictured to herself the happy life she should lead in their own quiet home, particularly in reading under the fine old shade trees John had described.

“It was five o'clock in the afternoon, of a sultry day in July, that the mail coach, containing our newly married couple, drew up in front of a dirty, dingy-looking one-story house. ‘I wonder who stops here,’ she thought; ‘what a lonesome, forsaken-looking place.’ The next moment the driver opened the coach door, and John immediately jumped out, requesting his wife to follow.

“‘Have we met with an accident? or why do we stop here?’ she said, springing to the ground.

“‘Oh, no,’ said her husband, ‘this is my country residence. Allow me to introduce you to my aunts. My wife, aunties, from the city,’ said he, turning to a couple of frightened-looking women, who stood, with uncombed and unbonneted heads, in the blazing sun.



“ ‘How d’ ye do, Miss Ayers,’ said one of them.

“The bride made no answer, but stood looking with perfect bewilderment on all around her.

“ ‘I guess you aint much used to the country, is you?’ said the other.

“ ‘I never saw anything like this before,’ she answered, indignantly.

“ ‘I am glad you like it,’ said the aunt, not all comprehending her.

“The trunks containing the bride’s wardrobe were now taken off, and John having paid the fare, they all started for the house, which she had always imagined would be a Gothic cottage.

“The walk to the house was flanked on the north side by six Lombardy poplars, whose whitened limbs showed they had been innocent of leaf-bearing for many a year. There they stood, like so many ghosts, affording about as much shade as so many fence-poles stuck in the ground. Adieu to the bride’s romantic idea of reading under the old shade trees.

“The house contained very little furniture, and that of the coarsest quality, everything wearing a slatternly appearance.

“ ‘Aunties,’ said John, ‘I always told you I meant to marry a city lady, and now you see I’ve done it, don’t you?’

“ ‘I presume likely,’ said the aunties, whose names were respectively Patty and Peggy.

“ ‘Well, my dear, how do you like my rural retreat?’ said the husband, seating himself beside her at the window.



“She spoke not, but continued looking at those ghostly poplars, which had always been associated in her mind with hobgoblins and graveyards. Her blood was up, and the working of her countenance showed acute suffering within. She felt she had been deceived in everything he had told her. She had made the fatal mistake of a lifetime in marrying this man, and, with bitter regret, she felt it was through a lack of energy on her part in braving the frowns of a cold-hearted world in obtaining a livelihood. And now, in contrast with the view before her, arose in her mind her lost home and her parents, and she burst into a passionate flood of tears.

“‘Bring me my box of handkerchiefs from that smaller trunk,’ she said, at length.

“‘Here’s one,’ said aunt Patty, throwing her a yellow cotton one, strongly flavored with yellow snuff; ‘and I should think you would want a sheet, the way you put in.’

“‘Mrs. Ayers,’ said the husband, ‘what is all this fuss about? Are you homesick, or overjoyed at the prospect before you? Which is it?’

“‘John Ayers,’ she said, turning suddenly round, ‘you have deceived me in every particular. I never can respect a lying hypocrite, and a man I cannot respect I will not live with.’

“‘Now, you just look here a minute,’ said he, drawing himself up about six feet two inches, ‘I don’t want to see any more of your cityfied actions. We have a way here in Pilfershire to cool down such high blood, and I have no doubt it will have



a good effect in your case. I intend, first, by way of initiation, to give you a dose of the cheese-tub and churn, and if that don't cure you, I will buy you a Pilfershire piano, *alias* a pair of clamps, and set you to stitching boots.'

"His wife gazed at him as he stood there, reaching from floor to ceiling, with perfect disgust.

" 'Come,' said aunt Patty, entering the room, 'supper's ready. Come, Miss Ayers.'

" 'I wish for nothing,' she said, looking intently out at the window.

" 'Why, yes you do ; do n't you like huckleberry cake and baked roosters?'

" 'No.'

" 'I've got all kinds of sarces,' she continued, and, as a new thought seemed to strike her, 'Oh, do n't you want some saxifrax beer?'

" 'No. I tell you I wish for nothing.'

" 'Well, I should think you did n't.' Upon which they all left the room, and she saw them no more that night.

"Midnight found her sitting at that window, the beautiful moon looking down upon her, lengthening those poplars upon the green sward, until they reminded her of a ship scudding under bare poles ; but her excitement during the night had been too much for her nervous system, and morning found her in a raging fever, and delirious. The fever raged on for three weeks, when she once more became conscious.

"About two weeks after the fever had turned, as the physician was entering the room one morn-



ing, she held out her hand to him with an expression of pleasure upon her countenance.

“ ‘Doctor,’ she said, ‘this sickness has been for the glory of God. My proud spirit has been broken, and I am willing to live, or die, as God sees fit. Oh, the sweet enjoyment there is in resignation to His will. I feel I can bear any affliction He may send, and kiss the rod that inflicts the wound; and now, what I wish is, that you should tell me candidly your opinion of the state of my health?’

“Seeing him hesitate, she said, ‘Do not evade my request, but tell me plainly your opinion.’

“The kind-hearted physician took her thin hand in his, and, with eyes suffused with tears, informed her that consumption had already commenced its march of death through her system. She might live two years, but would never rise from that bed.

“ ‘The Judge of all the earth doeth right,’ she said. ‘I submit myself wholly to His will. Thanks be to God for the hope He has given me beyond the grave.’

“The physician’s opinion proved to be correct. She lingered over two years, receiving very little attention from any one, and no sympathy from those in the house. About a year ago,” continued Mrs. Warland, “I was obliged to spend several weeks in that town, attending to some business of importance, and hearing from the physician of the remarkable Christian character of the invalid, I made her acquaintance. After much persuasion, I induced Mr. Ayers to remove with his wife to this



village, everything in that house seemed so unpleasant for the poor sick creature. I furnished money to bear her expenses through life, and have been amply rewarded in my own soul."

"I think," said Lucy, "a lack of energy was the chief cause of all Mrs. Ayers' trouble."

"Yes, in my opinion, a lack of energy is the cause of nine-tenths of all the poverty in this world. If every one would improve the talents that are given them, what society would be produced."

The bell now rung for tea. As the ladies rose to leave the room, they were surprised to see the snow had fallen a number of inches deep. "You must spend the night with me," said Mrs. Warland.

Lucy was excusing herself, when the sound of sleigh-bells attracted their attention. Mrs. Warland stepped to the window.

"Ah," she said, "one may imagine who he is after."

"Who is it?" said Lucy.

"Mr. Willet," she answered, with a smile.

The gentleman had called at the hotel to give Miss Gelding the first sleigh-ride of the season, and learning she was with Mrs. Warland, he had called there for the same purpose. They all took tea together, after which Lucy left with him.

Miss Perry was sitting at a front window in her father's house when they passed.

"Rhoda Ann!" she screamed to her niece, "did you ever see the like of that?"

"What have you done now?" said the verdant young lady, coming to the door.



"What have *I* done? you did n't see that span of horses, and a new sleigh, with a light buffalo robe, and Mr. Willet and Miss Gelding, did you?"

"No; what was they all there for?"

"Oh, what a fool; go back to your ironing. I might have known you would n't understand anything; they went by so fast *I did n't see them 'til they got out of sight.*"

"That's a good one," followed by a roar of laughter from the next room, caused that lady to pick up her work, and start for her chamber, her nephew calling after her, at the top of his voice, "Is that you, auntie? I did n't see you 'til you got out of sight."

The winter passed very pleasantly with Lucy, and the spring found her in fine health and spirits, faithful and energetic as ever.



## CHAPTER XXI.

"ELIZA, what was Mr. Alton doing to that grapevine this morning?"

"I do n't know, ma'am. Bridget Farley said she guessed he was digging after his first wife."

"Who is Bridget Farley?"

"The girl what used to live with Miss Gelding."

"Who was Miss Gelding?"

"Why, the young lady what left here when you came."

"Was her name Mary?"

"No; Lucy."

"What did Bridget want here?"

"She come after her wash-dress; she left it hanging up in my clothes room."

"Has it been here ever since last fall?"

"Yes, ma'am; she's had a broken arm, and could n't use it before. She only came to the gate, and when she saw Mr. Alton, she would n't come any further, and I carried it out to her."

"Well, what did she mean by his first wife?"

"Oh, I do n't know," said Eliza, "she said that just as she was going away."

The next morning, to Mrs. Alton's surprise, she saw her husband not only digging under the grape-



vine, but actually sifting the dirt through a coal sieve.

"Willie," she said, "go down and see what Mr. Alton is doing. I cannot imagine what it means."

The boy went down, but did not return. Soon after, the breakfast bell rang, and Mrs. Alton passed down to the basement.

"What can Mr. Alton find to interest him under that vine?" she said, as the minutes flew past, and he came not to his place at the table.

"The mercy knows, I do n't," said Eliza, "but he give Lord Baltimore the cussedest cussin that ever I hearn, for asking him."

"Do not use such an expression as that ever again," said Mrs. Alton, at the same time rising from the table, and going into the yard.

The man was so intent upon his work, that he did not imagine any one near, until she laid her hand upon his shoulder. He sprang to his feet, and seizing his spade, stood in a position of defense.

"Why, George," said his wife, "what is the matter? how pale you look."

The man had been frightened by a woman, and consequently angered.

"Go into the house," he said; "ladies in this city are not quite so free of their company as they are in some other parts of the Union; I would be ashamed to have people see you out here, where I am at work."

His wife looked at him as though she thought him bereft of his reason. It was the first harsh



word he had ever spoken to her; the base insinuation respecting the people of her native State, nearly crushed her. She turned without a word and entered the house. As she was passing up to her room, she met Willie going down to breakfast, with traces of tears upon his face. In an instant, her crushed feelings gave place to bitterness of soul, and her tears were rigidly repressed.

“Wait, and take breakfast with me,” she said, and they went into the library; each recognized the other’s feelings, but no allusion was made to the cause.

Mr. Alton took his meals that day down town, and his wife and Willie had theirs served in the library. Mrs. Alton was in deep thought all day; the remarks of the servants troubled her mind very much. It seemed to her, they were in possession of facts, of which she, the wife, was ignorant; but she would not degrade herself by making inquiries respecting her husband, unless obliged to do so.

That evening George returned, appearing as though nothing had occurred to mar their happiness; in fact, so pleasant and interesting was his appearance during the evening, that the affair of the morning seemed more like an unpleasant dream than a reality; and his wife resolved to let that scene remain with the past, hoping the future would have nothing in store for her, of so unpleasant a nature.

A few evenings after, Mr. Alton informed his wife, that business of importance required his



attention in another part of the State, and he should probably be gone a week.

"Why cannot I go with you?" she said. "I have not been out of the city since I came here last fall."

"When a man is on business," he said, sternly, "he cannot be bothered with a woman."

"Very well," said his wife, "I am not acquainted with the customs of this city; in Maryland, it is different. My mother always accompanied my father on a business tour; but I have already learned that Maryland is not Massachusetts."

Alton watched her closely, as if reading her inmost soul, and apparently coming to the conclusion that it was not best to provoke her too far, he answered mildly, that "both States had their peculiarities, but he thought, of the two, he preferred Maryland."

The next morning he bid her an affectionate adieu for one week, and set out upon his journey, which was accomplished in just fifteen minutes on foot, his destination being a gambling saloon at the north part of the city.

"Well, George," said one, as he entered the saloon, "how goes the battle?"

"First rate," he said. "No one has any claims upon me for one week. I am at your disposal, with fifty thousand in good currency."

"You are a lucky dog, Alton," said his companion.

"It is not the first time I have been lucky," he said. "So here's to the health of the Baltimore



heiress, and the Carolinian in prospective, if this one should chance to prefer Maryland to Massachusetts, which would be quite natural, you know, under the circumstances."

Their glasses were drained the third time, before they had sufficiently toasted the health of the ladies in question.

"Now," said Alton, "let's to business. "I will stake you ten thousand dollars on a game of billiards, to commence with."

"No, hold on till Atherton gets here. I don't want him to come and find you empty-handed. I intend playing you off as a regular nugget of dimensions immeasurable."

"Go it," said Alton, "I'll be your backer. Oh, by the way, Jones, them infernal buttons are not to be found. I have examined every spoonful of dirt three feet around the place where I buried them. Is there any kind of an animal that will carry off gold?"

"Why, yes," said Jones. "I have heard of some kind of a bird, that will carry off jewelry."

"Birds don't live under ground," said Alton. "If I could know that Bridget Farley knew where they were, I would have her heart's blood."

"Yes," said Jones, "she should go where buttons are not worn, in double quick time, if I thought she did know."

"Come," said a man, sitting on the opposite side of the table, "you talk too freely of that affair; the very walls might report you. I have noticed, it is never safe to call things by their right names,



under certain circumstances. The very name of buttons, and the sight of a green coat, just sets me nervous as an old woman. You have nearly unhinged me now, by your everlasting talk. Come, let's have a game of some kind."

"I tell you," said Jones, "there shall not be a dollar staked till Atherton comes. I wrote him, I would have a gentleman here, that could match him in any amount, and it isn't best to tell him one thing and do another; he do n't play with every man, or in every saloon, let me tell you."

The man growled a horrid oath, and moved away from the table. In the course of an hour, to the great relief of Jones, Atherton arrived. He was tall, with light hair and moustache. His dress would by no means compare with Alton's, it being of a much heavier, coarser material. He ran his eye over the group of persons, and judging by that eye, he could probably see very clearly what kind of game he had alighted among.

"Mr. Atherton," said Jones, "Mr. Alton is the gentleman I referred to in my letter; a millionaire, and his father before him; as good a match, I think, as I ever saw in harness."

Mr. Atherton shook hands with Alton the second time, declaring himself extremely happy to meet so distinguished a gentleman.

After the usual preliminaries, interspersed with a number of glasses of champagne, Atherton proposed a game of billiards.

"Let us play for a small amount to commence



with," said Alton, "until we get accustomed to each other's society."

"Twenty thousand is the least I will dabble with," said Atherton.

"Very well, that shall be the stake then." And the game commenced.

The first motions of Atherton were awkward, and as the game proceeded, his movements were decidedly clumsy, but whether feigned or unfeigned Alton was at a loss to determine. However, the game was played out, and Alton won the twenty thousand, to the great delight of Jones, who was in a perfect ecstasy, having bet largely upon Alton's success.

Atherton declared himself fatigued by his journey, and nervous, in fact, not fit to throw a ball at all, until he had rested. He therefore declined playing again that night. Alton therefore ordered an oyster supper for the company at the saloon, which was served hot and steaming from a neighboring restaurant.

The next day, the play was resumed with renewed vigor. The first throw convinced Alton he had no common combatant. The sum pledged was fifty thousand, which was won by Atherton with perfect ease. George looked blank, but his rival looked upon the money with perfect indifference.

"I will give you a chance to regain this," he said, "if you wish. I never play but three games with any man, and shall leave town as soon as I have played one more."



"For what amount?" said Alton.

"One hundred thousand is always my third stake," he said.

Alton looked at Jones, who slightly bowed his head.

"I will accept the challenge for the day after to-morrow," he said; "for, as you remarked yesterday, I need rest after such a beating."

"All right," said Atherton, and the parties separated.

As the gamblers will have nothing to interest us for the next forty-eight hours, if agreeable to the reader, we will call on Mrs. Alton.



## CHAPTER XXII.

THE morning her husband left home on his pretended journey, Mrs. Alton sat in the library alone. The idea of his being gone a week, caused her to feel unusually lonesome. After thinking an hour or more, she (as the usual alternative of a loving wife), set her mind to planning a pleasant surprise for her husband on his return. After turning in her mind every conceivable thing which she thought would interest him, she finally decided upon an elegant family carriage, a span of horses, and a colored driver. She had noticed some families did have them, therefore George could not say it was contrary to the custom of that city if she had one. She had plenty of money, why not enjoy it? She rung the bell, which was answered by Eliza.

"Is Willie below?"

"No, ma'am."

"Well, look him up. I wish to see him in the library."

"I'll find him if he's in the land of the living," she said.

After searching some time, she opened the back gate, and saw him in the street, assisting another boy in flying a kite.



"Lord Baltimore," she screamed, "just trip your fantastic toes up to the library—the mistress wants to see you."

With a laugh, the boy dropped the ball of twine and hurried to the library.

"Willie," said the lady, "what would you think of a splendid carriage, a span of horses, and a negro driver?"

"Oh, Mrs. Alton, it would be delightful," said the boy.

"Do you think," she continued, "that Mr. Alton would be pleased with them?"

The eyes of the lad drooped at the mention of that name.

"I do not see how he could help being pleased with them," he said.

"My object in buying them," said the lady, "is to surprise him when he returns. If we can get it arranged, we can all take a ride into the country; would not that be fine?"

"Oh, yes, if Mr. Alton will let us."

"Let us? Don't you expect we can ride in our own carriage?"

"You can," said the boy, "but I don't think he will let me."

"What do you mean?" said Mrs. Alton. "Has he ever forbidden you any of the privileges of this house?"

"Not exactly that," he said, "but he told me when I asked him what he was doing under that grapevine, that he would clear me from the prem-



ises if it cost him his life; that he would n't have a boy, thirteen years old, for a lap-dog for his wife."

"Did he say that?"

"That is but little," said the boy, "but it is no good for me to repeat it; there will be enough to hear without."

"Willie," said the lady, "you have lived with me six years, and the cause of my taking you, was the loss by death of a little brother. You have always filled his place in my affections. So long as I have a home here, you will, unless removed by death. If that is refused, I shall purchase one somewhere else. Give yourself no uneasiness, on that account, continue to be obedient as you have been, and I will take care of you."

"You are good to me," he said, "and I will do the best I can, if he will let me."

"Your rights shall not be interfered with; but somehow I have lost all interest in purchasing a carriage. I believe I will do nothing about it."

"I would buy one," said the boy; "I think it would be a comfort to you, when you are so lonesome."

The mournful tone of his voice brought tears to her eyes. She knew he must have received some very severe treatment, to cause so lasting an impression. She went to the window and arranged the drapery to hide her emotion.

"Well, Willie," she said, at length, "what kind of a carriage shall it be?"

"Why," said he, "I saw a carriage pass yesterday that opened on top; part of it turned front,



and part back. It had an orange-colored lining, and the curtains at the windows were orange silk; and it had beautiful lamps on each side; but the horses—oh, Mrs. Alton, they were so handsome, just exactly alike, and their harness was so nice. But, if I were you, I would have a blue lining, because the parlors are blue, and blue is your favorite color.”

The lady could scarcely hide her feelings, on seeing the interest he took in her happiness.

“Well,” she said, “if a carriage of that description will suit your taste, we will have a barouche, lined with pale blue velvet, or worsted plush, whichever is most used. I believe I will write to Maryland for the money, and not draw from the bank in this city. I suppose about two thousand will buy what we want?”

“I do not know what they do cost,” said the boy.

“Well, I will send for three thousand, and be sure to have enough;” and taking a key from her pocket, she placed it in the lock of her writing desk, but found it already unlocked. Upon examination, she discovered it had been broken open. With a pallid countenance, she looked for her bank-book, but it was not there.

“Willie,” she said, hurriedly, “there has been a robbery committed here. My checks are all gone, and, for aught I know, my entire property. What shall I do?” and she wrung her hands in despair.

“Don’t feel so bad,” said the boy, “perhaps it will come again.”



“Run to the bank on S—— street, and tell the cashier not to answer any demand for that money, unless I apply personally.”

Then taking her writing materials, she wrote immediately to Maryland the same, accompanied by an account of the robbery. On Willie's return, this letter was safely deposited in the post office. Various suspicions rushed through her mind, but she denied them a place in her heart, until she should hear from her banker. The next three days passed gloomily enough at that house; the servants were frightened, and Mrs. Alton and Willie were nearly sick.

Ten days previous to the discovery of the robbery, a check was received in Maryland, demanding fifty thousand dollars in Mrs. Alton's name, and apparently in her handwriting. A note, accompanying the check, explained that a part of the money was required to purchase a country seat, as the city did not agree with her health, and the remainder would be deposited in one of her resident city banks.

“I shall be glad when that woman has drawn the last dollar she owns from this bank,” said the banker to the cashier, when he had read the note, calling out fifty thousand dollars, without a day's notice. “I thought she was a girl of more sense. It seems to me her nature has entirely changed since her marriage.”

“Perhaps she is not under a good influence,” said the cashier.

“Her husband stood high in society here, a year



ago," returned the other, "and was reported very wealthy."

"All that might be," said the cashier, "and at the same time the man have a black heart."

"I shall be very sorry," said the old gentleman, "if she has not made a good match, for her father was my dearest friend; and she referred Alton to me, when he offered himself to her. I saw no fault in the man, and told her so. He is a perfect gentleman in appearance, and his dress faultless."

"Well, perhaps he is all right, at least we will hope so," said his companion.

In less than two weeks from that day, he received Mrs. Alton's note. The letter stated she had drawn but three thousand dollars from his bank, and requested him to answer no demand, unless to herself in person.

"Poor girl," said the banker; "eighty thousand of her money is gone, and I could have sworn to her handwriting."

He went to his safe, and, taking out a bundle of papers, selected the checks in question, and upon re-examination, he discovered that the cyphers on the first two, were made with different ink from the figures, the color having changed; he therefore decided in his own mind, that whoever Mrs. Alton delivered the checks to, was the one who committed the forgery.

He wrote Mrs. Alton immediately, stating the facts in the case, and expressing his deep sorrow for her misfortune. The letter arrived the day previous to Alton's return.



His wife read, and re-read the letter, thought, and read it again. After two hours spent in this way, she came to the just conclusion that the forger could be no other than her own husband. The next question was, how should she proceed, in view of her bitter disappointment in life.

She was possessed of the usual amount of woman's pride, and the idea of her disgrace and unhappiness being known among her early friends in Maryland was not to be thought of. The best course to be pursued, she was at a loss to determine. After examining the subject in every possible light, she came to the conclusion she must get possession of the home she occupied in some way. She knew the remainder of her money was safe, and she thought this the best way to prevent an exposure to the world of her deep wrongs. She therefore determined not to broach the subject to her husband, but watch an opportunity to get possession of the homestead.



## CHAPTER XXIII.

IN the meantime Atherton had played his third and last game, at the close of which, with apparent perfect indifference, he pocketed the hundred thousand, and with a hasty "good morning," left the saloon, and the city.

"That's cool," said George, as the last sound of his footsteps died away.

"Yes," said Jones. "I think the best thing for that fellow is, to start on an exploring expedition, in search of Thomas Salter. What do you think?"

"I think," said Alton, "if any way could be contrived to get him into this saloon again, with that amount of money, he would find a 'man of war' all ready for his passage."

"I tell you, Alton, I will rake heaven and earth, but I will have him here if I live."

"You may not live," growled the man, who the day previous was afraid of the name of buttons and the sight of a green coat.

"Well," said Alton, "I must send to Maryland for the last of my wife's money to pay you, Jones, and then I expect 'the devil will be to pay at home, and no pitch hot.'"

"I hope you can manage your own house," said



Jones; "I don't think a woman would want to question my movements more than once."

"I imagine that woman would not be afraid to question them more than twice, if she set out," returned his companion.

"Well, you will have a regular blow up, and then leave, I suppose."

"I don't know which way the cat will jump, nor care, after I have received one more invoice from Maryland."

So saying, he took his valise, and set out for home, after giving Jones orders to have a sharp look out for any verdant craft, laden with raw recruits, that might come into port.

On reaching C—— street, he entered his house and passed immediately to the library. He started, on opening the door, at seeing his wife sitting in the same place, wearing the same dress, engaged with the same piece of embroidery, as when he left the week previous.

"Ah!" she said, rising, "you have returned sooner than I expected."

"Yes, my business was transacted sooner than I supposed possible when I left home. How have you been? you have not sat there ever since I have been gone, have you?"

"Oh no," she said. "I have been well, and very busy."

He watched her closely, but in their case, it was "diamond cut diamond." She could hide her feelings as well as he could, and better, for she read in his eyes, the uneasy state of his mind. She



had been convinced in her own mind the past week, that the man she had called her husband, had no love for her, that he had married her for her fortune alone, and when that conviction entered her heart, all love for that man went out, and in its place was gendered a settled disgust toward a being of so degraded a nature.

"You was not afraid here of nights, was you?" said the husband.

"No. What is there to be afraid of?"

"Why, robbers, and the like. There was a heavy robbery committed here, I have been told, the last week; a desk broken open, and one hundred thousand carried off."

"A man should know better than to keep so much money by him," said the lady.

"Every one is liable to be careless at times," he said. "I thought a great deal about you while I was away. I knew you would be exceedingly frightened if anything of the kind occurred here."

"I never saw a robber that I was afraid of," said his wife.

"Did you ever see a person whom you *knew* was a robber?" he asked.

"Oh yes. I have seen *one*, at least," she said, looking at him. Then rising carelessly she rung the bell, and proceeded to arrange the room.

"What is it, ma'am?" said Eliza.

"Tell Willie to do that errand I spoke to him about yesterday."

"Yes ma'am."

And if Alton had looked from the library



window he could have seen the boy flying out at the back gate, with his cap in his hand, and rush down the street at the top of his speed.

“By the way, Nellie, what do you want of that brat of a boy round here?”

“The same that I have always wanted of him,” she said.

“Well, I think he had better leave. It might injure your character to have a boy, fourteen or fifteen years old, hanging around you so much. People in this city are very particular in regard to such things; perhaps that is the reason they have not called on you since you came here.”

The time when George Alton could intimidate his wife, through fear of public opinion, had past. She knew him perfectly, and the idea presented was rather ludicrous than otherwise. There was a visible sneer upon her countenance when she answered—

“I am not afraid to have my character tried before any tribunal in this city. The boy was thirteen years old, last week: and if any one has any suspicions concerning him, or me, they are at perfect liberty to enjoy them.”

“I believe I own this house,” said her husband, “and while I do, I intend there shall be nothing connected with it to injure your character, and thereby dishonor me.”

The lady looked at him with visible disgust in her countenance.

“The first I shall know,” he continued, “the boy will think he has full control here. Only the day



before I left home, I saw him fumbling over the papers in your writing desk."

"The boy has never been to my writing desk," she said, "and if he had gone there, the day before you left, he would have found nothing but writing paper and ink."

"Why, do n't you keep your bank book there?"

"I have no bank book," she said.

"What is the reason you have not?"

"The reason is, simply, because it has been stolen."

"Your bank book stolen, and your property in the hands of a robber, and you making no search for it!"

At this moment, the door-bell sent forth a quick, sharp ring.

"I have done looking for it," said the lady, "I have ascertained its whereabouts."

"A gentleman, ma'am," said Eliza, knocking at the library door.

"Show him in here," said Mrs. Alton.

The library door was immediately thrown open, and a gentleman, apparently twenty-five years of age, with a countenance full of intelligence, and plainly marked by deep thought, walked into the room. He had dark eyes and hair, and was dressed in drab pants, a green cloth coat, with gold buttons, the exact counterpart of those in Lucy Gelding's possession.

"God of heaven!" said Alton, springing to his feet; "who are you?"

"My name is Salter," said the gentleman, calmly.



"What would you here?" said Alton, almost in a whisper, so faint had he become.

"I have come to give you one alternative, between which, and a state prison for life, you can choose."

"Name it," said Alton, leaning his head upon his hand.

"Give this lady a quit-claim deed of this property you occupy, and that at once."

"I would," said the terrified man, "but I have neither strength nor power to write."

"I will write it for your signature, if that is your choice," said the stranger.

"Can I be free, by so doing?" he asked.

"You can, until God sees fit to reward you."

"Write it, quick," he said.

The man sat down, and in a few minutes drew up a writing in legal form, conveying the house and lot, with all the furniture, to Mrs. Ellen Alton.

With a trembling hand, Alton signed his name, and taking his hat and valise, he left the house, without daring to give the stranger a second look.



## CHAPTER XXIV.

WHEN Mrs. Alton had read the letter from her banker the fourth time, she noticed a postscript near the bottom of the sheet, which in her excitement she had overlooked. It read as follows: "If you wish for legal advice, call on James Salter, a young lawyer, who has just commenced business in your city;" beneath this was the lawyer's address.

"This is just what I want," she said to herself; "how thoughtful and kind of him."

She proceeded at once to his office, and showing him the letter, stated the particulars of her loss, and asked his advice respecting the homestead.

"What is your husband's first name?" he asked.

"George."

The lawyer turned pale.

"Poor, unhappy woman," he said, "your lot is a hard one."

He then related the circumstances connected with the loss of his brother, and it was agreed, that upon Alton's return, if she needed his assistance, she should send for him, and he would appear, dressed just as his brother was, when last seen



alive. Their size and features were so similar, that one had frequently been taken for the other, and he wished to test his own suspicions of the man in this way.

"Did you notice his terror at first sight?" said the lawyer, when George had left.

"Oh, plainly, too plainly; I have no doubt of his guilt. May God have mercy on his soul."

"I hope he may, I shall leave him in his hands, for even justice could not bring my brother back."

Alton hastened to the saloon as fast as his trembling limbs would carry him. His associates had not yet left.

"What the devil is the matter, Alton?" said Jones, "you look like a ghost."

"It is probably the reflection of what I have seen then," he said, sinking into a chair.

"What do you mean?" they exclaimed in a breath.

But he had fainted; pale and motionless his head sunk back against the wall of the room.

"Quick, Mansfield, bring some water," said Jones, as he caught Alton in his arms.

"He 'll want some to cool his parched tongue before long, I reckon," the man muttered, as he went to the opposite end of the saloon for the water.

Jones applied it plentifully to his face and head. With a deep shudder, Alton opened his eyes.

"Oh, was that him?" he asked.

"Who? what do you mean?"

He looked at them a moment, as if trying to recollect something more fully.



"I have seen Thomas Salter," he said at length. Jones' arms relaxed their hold.

"What in the name of the lower regions are you talking about, Alton? You are crazy."

"I have seen him in my own house," he continued, "with that identical coat and buttons. He even told me his name."

Jones thought a full minute.

"Why, Alton, he could not have come to life; his head was literally split open."

"Well, he has, and I have seen him; and if there is a vessel in port outward bound, I am going to leave, and advise you to do the same."

"Well," said Jones, "if Thomas Salter is in the land of the living, he is without his brains; for I saw them on the floor, after the body was carried out."

"Can't help that," said Alton, "the thing is so, and the sooner we leave, the longer we shall live, probably."

Mansfield was sent at once to the wharves, to ascertain the destination of several vessels lying there, and how soon they were expected to sail. In about an hour he returned, with the intelligence that but one was going out that evening.

"And that?" said Alton.

"Is the revenue cutter, Hallet, commander."

"Oh, the devil!" said Jones, "that is no place for us."

"Well," continued Mansfield, "there is a merchant vessel going to sail for Matanzas, to-morrow morning, at nine o'clock; and I heard, on my way



back, that a man-of-war would leave Charleston navy yard to-morrow afternoon, bound up the Mediterranean."

"Matanzas will be the place, I think," said Alton.

"Yes," said Jones; "go down to the wharf, Mansfield, and engage berths for two merchants, from New Orleans; in the meantime, we will make ourselves scarce in this locality."

The man went to do his bidding, and the gamblers proceeded with all possible dispatch to make arrangements for their voyage.



## CHAPTER XXV.

THE day following the above narration, Mrs. Alton was unable to leave her bed. Her severe excitement was followed by a reaction, which completely prostrated her nervous system.

Willie was full of trouble, Mrs. Alton being his only friend on earth. No one out of the house knew of the proceedings of the day previous. On the third day she was so ill as to be obliged to call a physician. He understood her debility to be caused by some extreme mental excitement, and recommended perfect quiet as the best antidote he could prescribe.

"Here, you, Lord Baltimore, go up to the mistress, and ask her if Mr. Alton will be home to dinner," said Eliza.

"I can tell you without asking," said the boy; "he will never take dinner here again."

"Why! is it parted they be's?"

"Yes; he has no more right here."

"Glory hallelujah," said Eliza. "I hope I may never see his black curls dangling round this house again. I must run over to Mrs. Livingston's, and tell Bridget Farley. Won't she dance an Irish jig to hear that?"



And away she flew through the back yard to report the news. As she opened the back gate, Bridget was engaged in washing the brick walk with a broom, and a pail of cold water.

"Bridget, do you want to hear something that will take you right out of your boots?"

"Yes, faith, what have you got?"

"Why, Alton and his wife is parted; and he aint coming back here again any more, never."

"Hurrah for you every time," said Bridget, dropping her broom, and rushing toward the house; but in her joy she had forgotten the pail of water behind her. Trying to avoid it, when too late, she stepped one foot into the pail, causing it to upset, and, pitching her full length over the flower beds, she struck her head against a brick border, causing the blood to flow freely, at the same time breaking her arm in two places.

"All the Saints help her, but she's killed," said Eliza, calling for help.

Miss Livingston and her mother came down from the parlor and assisted in getting her into the house. Eliza related the cause of the accident, adding the information of Mrs. Alton's illness.

"If Alton has really gone, we will call on that lady," said Miss Livingston. My heart has bled for her ever since she has been here; but I could not recognize his acquaintance."

That afternoon Miss Livingston and her mother called on Mrs. Alton. They were invited to the sick chamber, and were very much pleased with the quiet, unassuming manners of the invalid, and



Miss Livingston urged a promise from her to spend the day with them as soon as she felt able to go out. Mrs. Alton was cheered by the call, and said she came to the conclusion there was not so much difference between the customs of Maryland and Massachusetts after all.

The next morning she received a basket of strawberries from her new friends, accompanied by a bouquet of greenhouse flowers. They seemed to impart new life to her depressed spirits. "Sure enough," she said to Willie, "I have a greenhouse of my own. Those plants shall be cared for soon as I am able to go out."

The next time Miss Livingston called, Mrs. Alton inquired if it would be thought improper if she spent a part of her time among the flowers in the rear yard.

"Improper? certainly not. Act yourself, Mrs. Alton, and I will answer for the impropriety."

Mrs. Alton thanked her, and expressed a feeling of relief on finding Massachusetts people so nearly like Maryland.



## CHAPTER XXVI.

SUMMER came round once more in New England, bringing with it the usual amount of heat and dust. Numbers were preparing to flee from the city, and among them, the Livingstons. Lucy had received a letter from them, urging her to visit Cape May with their party. The following week, an answer came, declining the invitation.

“I think,” she wrote, “as I am situated at present, I had better keep my mind as free from early associations as possible. As the anniversary of my great loss comes round, I find it very hard to do so, but God helping me, I am determined not to falter in the course which seems to be marked out for me. I have a vacation through the month of August, and if my dear Miss Livingston can spend it with me, I shall be very happy to receive her. H—— is a beautiful village, and I think you could enjoy a month in the country, as well perhaps, as on the sea coast. If you have not fully decided upon Cape May, I hope you will not disappoint me.”

With pleasure Miss Livingston wrote back an acceptance of Lucy's invitation, and the visit was



looked forward to with much anticipation by both ladies.

In the meantime, Mr. Willet's attentions were becoming decidedly marked, and the young pastor, who took a warm interest in the disposal of the young lady, determined to improve the first opportunity, in hearing from her own lips, whether there was truth in the common town talk, and if not, he would propose himself at once.

Lucy's ideas of ministerial life were decidedly upon the shady side; consequently, when the proposition was made, it was respectfully and delicately declined. The pastor's disappointment was very evident, and Lucy determined, on Miss Livingston's arrival, to introduce her to the pastor, as a peace offering, being confident that her peculiarly attractive ways would be appreciated by him, and she was gratified, the first week of her visit, to see an intimacy springing up between them.

Miss Perry declared "if the pastor had any notion of marrying that city girl, he should leave that church in a hurry, for she was just the second volume of Lucy Gelding and nothing else."

But the pastor was not at all frightened by her threats; he appeared sufficiently interested in the second volume, to obtain it if an opportunity offered.

"I never saw such a place as H—— in my life," Miss Perry said to her sister one day; "if there is a city flirt comes into town, the men are after her, minister and all; but good, steady, likely girls, born and brought up here, until they have arrived



at the years of discretion, would n't have an offer if they lived here till doomsday."

"At what age does a lady arrive at the years of discretion?" asked her nephew, popping his head in at the door.

"You mind your business, and leave the house, sir."

"I have a compliment for you, auntie."

"Well, you may tell that, and then leave."

"I heard a young gentleman say,—Oh, I won't tell you, it will only make you proud."

"No it won't, either. Come tell it."

"I do n't know as it is exactly right to expose a young fellow's feelings in this way."

"Why, if a young gentleman has a mind to compliment a lady, where is the harm? I am sure it is real polite of him."

"Well, you ought to give me something for telling you, for I shall stand a chance of getting my head broken."

"Well, I will give you a ninepence."

"Oh, that won't pay for breaking a young gentleman's head."

"I will give you a quarter, and that is all I will give you."

"Well, hand it over; I can't trust where my head is at stake."

The lady paid the money, the young gentleman unlatched the door, and commenced,

"I heard a young gentleman say, if you was the only woman living on the face of the earth, he would n't marry you."



The nephew made a rush for the outside door, quickly followed by the contents of Miss Perry's work-basket.

"I am sure, Auntie, 'it is real polite of me,'" he said, as he closed the door and fastened it upon the outside.



## CHAPTER XXVII.

ABOUT the middle of August, Lucy received an offer of marriage from Mr. Willet, which was accepted. A large party was given soon after at his villa, and the engagement was then announced and recognized, by Mr. Willet introducing her to the company collectively, and to his most intimate friends individually.

His mother embraced her as she would a dear child. Lucy insisted upon teaching school one year longer, and the marriage was to take place one year from the next October.

When this news was circulated in public, it was keenly felt by a number of ladies of doubtful age, but, adhering to the old adage, "it is not best to show your teeth if you cannot bite," they acted the part of wisdom, and congratulated Lucy upon her future brilliant prospects.

On the first of September she re-commenced her school, and Miss Livingston returned to the city. Among her first inquiries, on reaching home, was, "Mother, how is Mrs. Alton?"

"I fear," said her mother, "that Mrs. Alton is declining. I think I can see premonitory symp-



toms of that bane of the Atlantic coast—consumption.”

“Oh, no; do not say so, mother. I have become so much attached to her that I cannot have her die. It nearly spoiled my visit at H——, thinking of her, knowing how lonesome she would feel while I was away.”

“Yes,” said her mother, “she has missed you very much, and I do not know what she would have done, had it not been for that little Scotch boy. He is certainly the most thoughtful, attentive child I ever saw.”

“I suppose she has not heard from her husband since he left.”

“I think not. I have not heard his name mentioned since I became acquainted with her. She is relieved of his presence, but undoubtedly the iron has entered her soul, and, I think, one year will end her sad, unhappy life. Poor girl! how little she imagined one year ago the utter desolation of heart that awaited her. The vicious effects of intemperance and gambling, indulged in by our young men, are consigning hundreds of beautiful women yearly to the grave. We seldom see a lady better fitted to make home happy than Mrs. Alton; and there she sits, in her desolate home, a bride of one year, a robbed, forsaken, friendless woman. What a scene the day of judgment will present! Oh, the heart-rending wrongs that have been endured, in silence, in this life! Thank God, ‘He will judge the world in righteousness,



by that Man, Christ Jesus!' 'Let us wait patiently for the Lord.' "

That evening Miss Livingston found Mrs. Alton quite discouraged in regard to her own health, but expressed resignation to the will of God concerning her. She was able to oversee her domestic affairs, and walk in the yard, and spent much of her time with Willie, among the flowers. She purchased a chaise, and a dark bay colt. Many pleasant hours were enjoyed riding over the adjoining country, accompanied by Miss Livingston or her mother, whom she regarded as her dearest friends. She had a noble, generous heart, and many valuable presents were received by the Livingston family, as tokens of her love and esteem.



## CHAPTER XXVIII.

A STORM at sea. A noble merchant ship is toiling and struggling over the broad Atlantic, one moment rising upon a mountain wave, the next, nearly engulfed in a trough of the sea; then rising again higher than before. Her sails are close reefed, and she is literally scudding under bare poles, but the timbers of the fine ship creak and groan at every rise and plunge, as though she were wrenching in pieces. The captain and men are each at their post, clinging meanwhile to the rigging to prevent being washed overboard.

"The night was dark and fearful," and as the waters lashed themselves over and around the ship, the sailors cried instinctively to the sailor's God.

When the gale commenced, two men were sitting at a table in the cabin, but, as the rain commenced falling in torrents, they were joined by two others, who also sat around the table, on which was lying a prayer-book of the Church of England, a few newspapers, and a pack of cards.

"Americano?" said one of the latter, inquiringly.

"Si, signore," answered one of the Americans,



who, by his long curls, will be instantly recognized as George Alton.

"Ha ella buon vino?" continued the Italian.

"Ne ho," said George.

"E ella Ricca?"

"Lo Sono."

"Ci proponiamo una partita alle carte."

"Bene," said George.

"Vous parlez Française?" said the other stranger.

"Oui, Monsieur."

"D'ou venez vous?"

"Amerique," said Alton.

"Allez vous a Paris?"

"Non, Monsieur."

"Avez vous du vin?"

"Oui, Monsieur."

"Une partie ell cartes?" he continued, inquiringly.

"Oui," said Alton, and soon the Italian and Alton were deeply engaged in a game of cards, while Jones and the Frenchman overlooked the proceedings.

So deeply interested were they that the progress of the storm was wholly unheeded, until the main-mast came down with a crash, nearly stunning them. They sprang to their feet, and attempted to rush upon deck, but the storm and wind obliged them to retreat to the cabin.

There they stood, looking at each other in terror, those four men. It seemed there was but a step between them and death, and their past lives



moved like a hideous panorama through their minds.

About four o'clock in the morning the storm abated, and soon after it became sufficiently light to enable them to see their situation.

That excellent merchant ship, which was on her first voyage, was a perfect wreck, but she had stood the test nobly. Although she was leaking badly, and in almost a sinking condition, still many another of her build would have gone in pieces hours before.

Splinters of the wreck were spliced together, and on this was hoisted the stars and stripes, union down, in token of distress, the ship meanwhile rapidly filling with water. Not a sail was in sight, and the only alternative between which and death they could choose, was to lash themselves to boards, hencoops, and seats of various kinds, which was quickly done, and they consigned themselves to the mercy of the waves, making the utmost haste to float as far as possible from the wreck, lest they should be engulfed with her, in her last struggle.

Just as they had succeeded in reaching a distance of comparative safety, the mate cried out, "There she goes."

All eyes were turned in the direction of the ship, when, with a heavy lurch, as though she experienced the pangs of dissolution, she sunk head foremost, and was lost from their sight forever.

"God help her," said an old tar, who was of the ship's crew, "I loved that young craft as I would



an own child ;” and the tears streamed down his weather-beaten face.

All that day, and the next night succeeding, without food or drink, they clung to their frail support, the only alternative being a watery grave. About noon, on the following day, a sail was descried bearing down towards them from the west. Soon after, she sent out a boat to pick them up. The vessel proved to be a man-of-war, bound for the Southern Ocean. Her captain took them on board, treating them with the kindest hospitality ; and shortly after landed them at the port of Havana, Island of Cuba.



## CHAPTER XXIX.

"How do you do, Alton?" said a voice just as he stepped on shore. Turning suddenly round, he was brought face to face with Atherton.

"Glad to see you," said Alton. "Jones, look here; we have actually lit upon our distinguished friend."

Jones was in raptures; nothing could exceed his professions of friendship.

"Come with me," said Atherton; "you are my guests now."

They stepped into a cafe, where refreshments and liquors of all kinds were ordered for the three.

"I found one of my old schoolmates in your city when I was there," said Atherton, as they sat talking over their wine.

"You did," said Alton; "who was it?"

"James Salter."

Alton and Jones exchanged hasty glances.

"And who is James Salter?" said Jones.

"He is a young lawyer from Pennsylvania. He told me his twin brother was murdered about a year ago. I did not have time to ask him the particulars. He is a fine-looking fellow, and looks as



nearly like his brother, as a daguerreotype does like the original."

"There, Alton," said Jones, "that is the man you came across the day before we left the United States, I imagine."

When the name of Salter was first mentioned, Alton turned ashy pale, but when the resemblance of the two brothers was remarked, his countenance assumed a demoniac expression.

"Was that a contrived plan of their's?" he said, through his set teeth, to Jones.

"No doubt of it," he answered.

"Well, the first vessel bound for the United States will see me on board," he said, with an oath.

"Why, what is the matter?" said Atherton. "I want you to stop with me awhile. I can introduce you to some fine game. Such talents as yours ought not to pass unnoticed in any country."

It was finally agreed that Atherton should assemble a number of his acquaintances on the following day, and Alton should try his hand at a game of billiards with each. Accordingly, Alton and Jones were provided with lodgings, where they could recruit themselves against the morrow.

"I will tear that woman limb from limb, as a tiger would a lamb, if I live to set foot in Massachusetts again," said Alton, as the door closed behind them.

"Oh, do n't meddle with a woman," said Jones; "I'd rather kill a dozen men."

"I would n't mind killing that woman any more than I would a dog. The miserable harlot, con-



triving with Salter to frighten me out of a ten thousand dollar property. I remember her ringing the library bell, and sending that brat of a boy on an errand. Salter's office was his destination, no doubt, as hers had been many a time before. I will murder that boy by inches if I live ;" and he went off in a perfect paroxysm of rage, uttering oath upon oath, blaspheming even the God of Heaven in every form of language imaginable ; finally declaring, he would start for the United States that night, if an opportunity offered.

"Come," said Jones, "do n't lose sight of your own interest in this way ; 'a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush' ; no doubt she was riled to find eighty thousand of her money gone, but you must remember that one hundred thousand of your money is in Atherton's pocket, and we must make a desperate effort to get that back, and as much more as possible, before we leave Havana. Then we shall be able on our return to set up an establishment on an equal footing with your father's."

"I can have no success in anything," he said, "until I have had my revenge ; nothing but that woman's blood will satisfy me."

"Now look here," said Jones, "do n't you know you can accomplish that a great deal easier with money than without ? I would not have you risk your head in her house. No doubt she keeps a guard ; at any rate, do n't let your mind run upon that, until you have disposed of Atherton."

"I cannot dispose of him here," he said ; "I should be shot down anywhere. I must get him



back to Massachusetts, on some pretence or other; a fellow has a chance for his life there."

"Well, how will you manage it?" said Jones, glad to engage Alton's attention on a more profitable job.

"Oh, I don't know, I must think it over. I have been so crazed with rage, I must have time to lay my plans deep."

"Well, to-morrow will be time enough," said Jones, and they retired for the night.

The next morning at daylight Jones was awake, turning a number of plans in his mind for the disposal of Atherton, and the securing of half the funds thereby gained. As soon as Alton was awake, Jones commenced:

"I have a proposition to make you," he said.

"Let us have it," said Alton.

"I will agree to get Atherton nicely caged in some saloon in the States, if you will divide the amount of money found upon his person at the time of his murder, with me."

"That depends upon what the amount is."

"It shall be two hundred thousand at least."

"Well, go ahead, make the sum as large as possible; I don't want to kill a man for less than a hundred thousand; but that woman and boy I will dispose of free of charge, and I am not going to wait a great while either, so you must hurry up your business."

"I will agree to have him there by the middle of winter," said Jones; "you know I must give him time to fill his pockets before he starts."



"The middle of eternity as much. I intend sailing in a week at farthest."

"Well, I am not obliged to sail when you do, you know; I must watch my opportunity when he has the largest amount of funds, to start him out by fair means or foul; you may trust my honor for that."

"Oh, I know you are honorable," said Alton; and the two went out to breakfast.



## CHAPTER XXX.

THAT morning at eleven o'clock, Atherton came in with six men, belonging to as many nations.

Alton was introduced to each, as a gentleman of great distinction and wealth, from the United States of America. Each expressed himself highly honored in making the acquaintance of so noted a person, and in having an opportunity to test his peculiar merits in the art of gambling.

In two hours, the entire company were fleeced, not a dollar remaining outside of Alton's pocket book. He was in high spirits, and after being freely plied with toasts in liquid form, by Atherton, in honor of his grand achievements, he came to the happy conclusion, that he could not be beat. As the usual result of self-pride is bitter disappointment, Alton proved himself not an exception to the general rule, by accepting a challenge from Atherton, to stake the entire amount in one game, which left Alton minus of funds, in a very short time.

Jones was indignant, and he determined to hurry matters with all possible speed, to a fatal termination.

"What do you say, Atherton, to a trip to New



Orleans? Alton's father has an establishment there on a number one scale, with a bank connected. His wealth is enormous. With your talents and experience, I should think you might sweep the coast. I never saw your equal in gaming."

"Oh, I don't care to go there again at present. I don't know how long I shall continue this mode of life. I have an old mother living in the United States,—that was what drew me there before. I support her handsomely, but if she knew how the money was obtained, she would not accept a dollar of it; it would, most emphatically, bring her gray hairs in sorrow to the grave. I believe it would kill me outright, if she should die in consequence of a knowledge of my course of life. Dear, old creature; she is the best mother that ever lived. I think, every game I play, it shall be the last—that I will go to her while she lives, and spend my time in trying to make her happy, making improvements on the home place, and so on.

"There is no excitement in gambling for me; it is perfectly easy to win every game if I choose; it seems to be something natural to me. I remember at three years of age, of learning to toss up a cent, from seeing other boys, and of winning a number of coppers in one day, by that sport. The next acquisition was the game of fox and geese, at five years of age. From that, I aspired to checkers, and became an adept at it. At the age of ten, I had a set of chess presented me. My mother considered them toys to amuse her boy, not for a moment imagining the amount of money won and



lost, and the candies and fruit provided for the entire neighborhood of boys, by me. From that, I became interested in cards, and soon after, billiards, which is my favorite game.

"I often think, dearly as I love my mother, who is no doubt a Christian, if there ever was one, that her only son may be eternally lost, in consequence of her approving smile, at my success in tossing up a cent at the age of three years. I recollect perfectly, how my little heart swelled with pride, when she repeated it to the neighbors; but I am confident, if she could have imagined the result, she would, with pleasure, have preferred laying me in the grave."

"Why, Atherton," said Jones, "you would make a first-rate Calvinistic preacher. I verily believe you have had a call. If you should ever turn your hand, or head rather, to that, I will hire a pew in the Rev. Dr. Atherton's church. I will have all my little gamblers christened there too."

"Calvinists do n't christen," said Atherton; "my mother is of that persuasion."

"Oh, no, so they do n't. I was brought up a Presbyterian. I was thinking that was what they called Calvinism. It is so long since I have seen the inside of a church, that I cannot remember one denomination from another."

"Why do not you and Alton take a trip to Australia? He is so fond of gaming, he could make his fortune there in a very short time."

"You know Alton has a wife in the States, and he is just possessed to go back and see her. If he



stays out much longer, I shall think he has given us the slip, and gone already."

"Where did he say he was going, when he went out?"

"He did n't say," said Jones, looking uneasy.

"Let us go down to the wharf, and look round; perhaps we shall meet him."

The two started, and, on making inquiries at the wharf, they ascertained a vessel had put out to sea about an hour previous, bound for the United States, and on questioning a Frenchman, he said, "a man went on board, having *tres belle frisure*"—and they made up their minds at once that Alton had left.

Jones was at a loss how to manage. After arranging the matter in his mind various ways, he concluded to attach himself to Atherton, until he had time to hear from Alton, but if he did not hear from him soon, he would dispose of Atherton himself, and then up anchor for the United States. With this end in view, he hung around Atherton, keeping a sharp eye on his movements, and clearing just about enough above his losses, to support himself. Atherton meanwhile paid very little attention to gaming; he read and smoked, and much of the time seemed depressed by thoughts of an unpleasant nature.

Month after month passed, and no tidings of Alton reached the Island. Atherton's money was safely deposited in banks, and Jones could not easily find a favorable opportunity to carry out his plans.



## CHAPTER XXXI.

SPRING came at length, with its new life, and sweet air filled with bird music, and as numberless blessings were being profusely showered upon this Queen of Western Islands, the quiet people of the village of H—— were also remembered in God's great love to the children of men.

There had been a powerful revival in that village the past winter; one hundred hopeful conversions, and among the number, Mr. Willet.

Lucy's joy and gratitude knew no bounds. She felt that all she could have asked at God's hands, had been granted. She had not united with any church for this reason. When she left the city, it was too soon after her conversion, to unite with the church she had in view, according to their rules and custom; and the church in H——, although bearing the same name, differed very materially upon certain doctrines, upon which Lucy was very decided. She attempted no influence over Mr. Willet, in regard to these views, but referred him to the Bible, as the only true guide.

After a thorough investigation, with new cause for gratitude, she ascertained they were not only



united in love, but by Christian bonds, their views corresponding in every particular.

During the past winter, the young pastor's salary had been raised from seven hundred to one thousand dollars. About a month after, he received a call from a church in the neighboring city, offering him two thousand. Great excitement prevailed throughout the town. He had been so faithful the past year, his sermons spoke so plainly of deep thought and hard study, that the people felt they might as well part with their homes, as their pastor.

A special church meeting was called, to consider the matter, before the pastor returned his answer. The church convened at two o'clock in the afternoon, and were called to order by the clerk of the church, who was chosen as moderator, another filling his office. A free, verbal expression of the minds of the church was called for, and old Deacon Shaw, a gray-haired member, rose and addressed the meeting.

"My dear brethren in Christ," he said, "I was born in this town, here I was married, I was baptized in yonder river, and in this churchyard I expect to be buried. \* \* \*

"We have experienced fair and stormy weather as a church, and both have served to draw the bonds of union the closer around us. We have had a number of pastors during the last fifty years,—men middle-aged, and older,—and when it was proposed to invite this young man to lead us, I, for one, felt heart-sick. I knew he must be inex-



perienced, and with deep regret, I saw the vote carried that made him our pastor.

“The first year he was with us, my soul was in a starving condition for the bread of life; nothing whereon an old Christian can feed, could I get for twelve months. I was heartily discouraged. I received very little satisfaction from his calls at my house; and if we were sick even, not the first word of sympathy would he express—it seemed to be something foreign to his nature. If this call had come then, I should have said, Go, and joy go with you. I should have felt the church was relieved of a dead weight; but the past year, there has been an entire reformation in the man. What has been the cause, or how to account for it, I do not know, but a decided change took place in one week, and from that time, he has been growing, and growing, and growing, until, as you see, his rich growth is coveted, not only in our neighboring city, but I am told, in the capital of our State also. Now, when he enters my home, if we are in affliction, his word of Christian sympathy is always ready. He does not wait to be sent for; it is enough for him to know any of his parishioners are in affliction, they may be sure of seeing him.

“I am fed every Sabbath with bread of heaven, and can drink freely from the wells of salvation, at his hands. Now, my mind is, I cannot part with him; and in regard to salary, I will be one of ten, and if ten cannot be found, I will be one of five, to pay the other thousand yearly.”

The remarks of the deacon were heartily con



curred in ; and the clerk begged leave to state, that Mr. Willet had offered, as a present to that church, the sum of two thousand dollars, to be put on interest for the support of the pastor, whoever he might be. Before the meeting closed, the remainder of the amount was cheerfully subscribed, by those abundantly able to pay it yearly.

A copy of the minutes of the meeting was sent to the pastor, accompanied by an earnest appeal in behalf of the church, that he would remain with them. The pastor's heart was cheered and encouraged, with heart-felt thanks to God, and his people, for their manifestations of love to him. He sent a note to the city the following week, declining their invitation. The disappointment of that church was very great. They thought the salary would certainly buy him, and they expressed considerable indignation towards the church at H——, for coming up so nobly to the rescue. The young pastor asked leave of absence the next Sabbath, for one week. It was subsequently ascertained, that his destination was the city of Lucy Gelding's nativity ; and after his return, it was also ascertained, that Miss Livingston was engaged to a young minister in H——. Letters frequently passed between the brides elect, and it was agreed, they should be married together the coming fall.

“I tell you what it is, Miss Lucy,” said the hotel keeper, the day she commenced her last term, “I may as well take down my sign, when you leave, for Willet will get all the company.”



“He is not going to keep a public house, is he?” said Lucy.

“He might as well, for his house will be full two-thirds of the time. I don’t thank him for robbing my house of the only attraction it has.”

“That’s a compliment for me, I declare, Caleb,” said his wife.

“Oh, you are the best woman that ever lived,” he said; “but Miss Gelding is different. A fellow knows the difference between a sun-flower and a pink, if he cannot explain it botanically. Somehow, Miss Lucy is so nice every way. Well, I don’t know how to talk it. I thought I had it in my brain when I commenced, but I can’t let it out.”

“Perhaps it has slipped down into your heart,” said his wife.

“Well, somehow, she is so ———; well, I do not know what it is.”

“Well, for mercy’s sake do n’t try again, for I am tired of hearing it. Just say, ‘words can’t express it,’ and let it go at that.”

“I guess that’s about it,” he said; and they all joined in a hearty laugh.

Lucy’s scholars commenced mourning her loss, three months beforehand, and she was obliged to divert their minds a number of ways, before she could quiet their ill feelings toward Mr. Willet, for getting her away from them.

Lucy was very much attached to her scholars; what teacher is not? There is a link between



them that is hard to be broken. A pleasant school always retains a place in a teacher's heart.

Heaven bless the dear scholars, with their affectionate young hearts, and aid the teacher in implanting right principles in their tender minds, that shall spring up in after years, and bear fruit an hundred fold, to the honor and glory of God.

“We are living, we are dwelling,  
In a grand and awful time.”

Let the teacher beware that the seed sown is not spurious.



## CHAPTER XXXII.

WHEN George Alton left Havana, he took passage on board a barque, bound for Philadelphia. His mind was so filled with revenge that nothing could quench its thirst. Sleeping or waking, the same train of thoughts crowded his brain. Every vein in his system seemed filled with it. He would stand by himself, with folded arms, looking out upon the sea, occasionally a horrid oath escaping his lips, as though his crowded feelings must find vent in some way: sometimes he would sit astride the jib, far out over the waters, his long curls streaming in the wind.

"That fellow will find a wide berth, and a swift passage to Davy Jones's Locker, if he don't keep off that jib in such a wind as this," said an old salt one day to the captain's mate. The wind was blowing a perfect gale. The captain chanced to see him at the same time.

"Leave that jib," he said, through his trumpet. The man sullenly obeyed. He was a beautiful picture, as he stepped upon deck. His dress was of the finest black broadcloth, relieved by a white vest, snowy collar and wristbands. French boots of the most finished workmanship, a watch and



chain of the richest quality, being thickly studded with jewels. His countenance had assumed an unusual brilliancy, and, as he walked across the deck, the sailors to a man looked after him.

"Something lies heavy on that man's conscience," said the old sailor; "there is a certain expression about his face that is fiendish."

"He may be a fiend," said the boatswain, "but if he is one, he is the handsomest devil I ever saw. I inquired him out, while we were lying at Havana. A shipmate told me he was the guest of one Atherton, the great American gambler."

"Well, shiver my timbers, if I do n't believe the man has committed murder."

"Oh, belay there, you are always trying to make out somebody has committed some unearthly crime."

"Well," said the old man, "I will bet you my head against that marlinspike that the rope is already coiled that will hang him."

"A man that would put a rope round them curls ought to die," said his companion. "I heard in port that he was a man of great learning; he can speak seven languages with fluency."

"That's nothing," said the old sailor, "the worst men I ever knew had talents by the shipload; but if they are left wrapt up in a towel, they wont save a fellow, soul or body. My talent is for seafaring. Now I expect a good sailor will have just as high a seat in Heaven as a good minister. One has the gift of gab, the other of managing a ship. When I was in the States last, the Bethel preacher said he



wanted to see the good ship Zion, freighted with sailors, safely anchored in the port of Heaven. Well, now, the sailor intends bringing his ship to anchor in some port, say Boston ; now, where is the difference if each is faithful in the discharge of his duty ?”

“I guess you will find that Heaven and Boston are two different places,” said his companion. A ship that could anchor in Boston harbor, would n’t be likely to get very near Canaan’s shore ; let me tell you, if you expect to run your craft into the port of Heaven, with such views as them, you may also expect to get your old hulk pretty badly battered before you get past the ports. I imagine that coast is strewn with wrecks that EXPECTED to get in.”

“Well, what do you think was the trouble ?”

“I suppose they had no anchors. You know the chart says, ‘The Christian’s hope is as an anchor to the soul, sure and steadfast, entering into that within the veil.’ Now I expect a craft having that hope, is sure of an anchorage through all eternity.”

“Well,” said the old tar, “if I live to get into Boston again, I will ask Mr. Stowe about that. He can tell me where I can get a pilot.”

“Haul down the sheets,” said the captain, and the two separated.

The ship held on her way, and finally reached the United States. Alton’s first inquiry on landing, was for a passage to Massachusetts. A vessel would sail that evening, and he went immediately on board.



## CHAPTER XXXIII.

ONE week from that night, Mrs. Alton was awakened about midnight, by hearing footsteps, as she thought, passing her chamber door.

It was her custom, to lock her door, on retiring. She got up, examined the door, found it was locked, then went to the window, and looked out into the yard, but neither saw nor heard anything. Finally, thinking she was mistaken, she again retired. The next morning, when the breakfast bell rang, she went down to the basement, and found Eliza alone.

"Has not Willie come down yet?" she said.

"No, ma'am; he told me when he went up to bed last night, that when you got up this morning, you would see him working in the yard. He said the flowers wanted weeding. I'll have a laugh at him. When people try to do something desperate, they generally make a failure."

"Ring the bell of his room, if you please," said Mrs. Alton; he must be more active than this, if he expects to take care of the flowers, beside all the other things I have for him to do."

Eliza rang the bell, and Mrs. Alton, after taking what slight refreshment she required, (for she was



in very feeble health) passed up to the library. Eliza, after ringing the bell the second time, and waiting until her patience was exhausted, went up to his door.

“Lord Baltimore, if you don’t step yourself down to breakfast, I’ll pour a pail of cold water into your bed; how many weeds you pulled this morning. Here it is almost noon, and you abed, you great lazy lout.”

At this moment, she discovered a lock of Willie’s hair shut in the door. Thinking he had done it for a joke, she gave it a pull, and lo, she held it in her hand, extracted by the roots.

“Why, Willie,” she said, “I did n’t mean to pull your hair so; did I hurt you? I wouldn’t for all the world.”

No answer.

“Come, Willie, speak,” said the girl, getting nervous; “I have kept the chicken warm all this time, and I will make you some griddle cakes, if you will speak; I never see you act this way.”

“What is the matter up there?” said Mrs. Alton, stepping to the stairway.

“Why, ma’am, I’ve been calling Willie this half hour, and he wont answer.”

In an instant, her disturbance in the night rushed through her mind, and with it came gloomy forebodings.

“Open his door quick,” she said.

Eliza threw open the door, but Willie was not there; his clothes were lying on a chair, as he had



left them the night previous; the bed was tumbled, and one of the rose blankets gone.

"Willie is carried off," she screamed, "oh, Willie is carried off; what shall I do? I'd rather died myself."

She rushed down stairs, still holding the lock of hair in her hand. Mrs. Alton was standing at the foot of the stairs, looking like a marble statue.

"Here is some of his precious hair, that was shut in the door," the girl continued, "and now that is all we've got of him."

Mrs. Alton reached out her hand for it, and the name of Miss Livingston came faintly from her lips. Eliza rushed down stairs, and across the back alley to Mr. Livingston's house.

"Oh, do come to our house quick," she said; "Willie is carried off, and the mistress is just fainting."

Both ladies went immediately over, and found Mrs. Alton still standing at the foot of the stairs. They led her to her chamber, and used every restorative that could be devised, to arouse her—she seemed perfectly paralyzed.

"Police," she said, as soon as she could speak. A servant was immediately sent to Mr. Livingston's office, with the news of the occurrence, and Mrs. Alton's request. That gentleman hurried to the marshal's office, and related the circumstances.

"Mr. Gordon," said the marshal, turning to an officer who was standing by, "Go down to C——street, and learn all the circumstances in the case,



and find out if any one is suspected. Examine the premises, and report to me as soon as possible."

The man went out, and in a few minutes, rang the bell at Mrs. Alton's house. He was shown into the parlor, and Mrs. Alton assisted down stairs to meet him. She stated what she knew of the case, the noise she heard in the night, and Eliza's description of the chamber Willie occupied. The officer examined the house, from cellar to attic, and returned to the parlor.

"Mrs. Alton," he said, "do you suspect any one as principal or accomplice in this abduction?"

"I do," she answered.

"Please state to me your suspicions, and ground for them."

"I suspect George Alton, as the principal, from the fact, that he has threatened the boy with expulsion without cause, and he has also told me he should not remain here."

"Do you know that handkerchief?" said the officer, holding up a fine linen cambric, with the initials G. A. wrought in the center.

"Certainly," she said, "I wrought those initials myself. The last time I packed my husband's valise, I put that handkerchief in with his clothing."

"I found it between the bed-clothes," said the man. "I have sufficient evidence to warrant his arrest, if he can be found."

His report was soon after received at the marshal's office, and a large police force was speedily raised and scattered over the city, and around the wharves, to make inquiries and watch for their



prey. At night, they came in, and reported their success. It was ascertained, that George Alton had arrived in the city a few days previous, having come on board a Philadelphia packet, as a passenger. This was asserted by officers from the north end of the city. At the south end, officers had learned, that a man of his description, had hailed a mail coach that morning, as it left the city, and engaged a passage to the center of the State.

“Mr. Gordon,” said the marshal, “I would like to have you start early in the morning, with a private carriage, for that point, and thence proceed until you overtake him.”

The man accepted the proposal, and left the office. At daylight the next morning, he might have been seen wending his way, in an old one-horse chaise, toward the center of the State. Arrived at this point, he ascertained that the fugitive from justice had gone on toward Vermont. On the officer went after him, making inquiries by the way, and finally succeeded in tracing him to a small village in Vermont, and here he lost all trace of him.

That he was in the village, he had no doubt, but he could not be found; and after a week spent in searching for him, assisted by officers of that State, he returned to Massachusetts, having abandoned the enterprise.

Month after month passed away, and the officers of either State could get no clue to his retreat.



## CHAPTER XXXIV.

TOWARD the close of the spring following, the city marshal received just a hint from Vermont that Alton was still in that village, among the mountains.

He ran his mind over the list of police officers, and no one he could spare seemed to suit him. His thoughts then turned to the constabulary. "Ah! I have him," he said; "just the man. Send old Williams to me, soon as possible."

The man addressed left the room, and in twenty minutes returned with "old Williams," as he was called.

"Mr. Williams, can you leave town to-morrow morning at daylight?"

"I suppose so," he said.

The marshal then named the business, and added, "I want you to travel incognito."

"That is easy enough done," said the man, and early the next morning he left the city, in season to take a stage going north from a neighboring town. Mr. Williams was a man six feet in height, thin in flesh, with a pale, languid-looking countenance, but possessed of sufficient energy to command the entire military force of Europe, if



occasion required. The dress he assumed on this expedition, was that of a doctor of divinity—a suit of black, relieved only by a white cravat, and bosom.

The driver of the last stage that was to take him into the Green Mountain village, was a confidant of Alton, bribed for that purpose. Mr. Williams drew him into conversation respecting the village, by inquiring “if there was a Congregational church in his town.”

“No, sir; the people are mostly Baptists. Do you preach hereabouts?”

“No,” said Mr. Williams, “I am some distance from my church; I have been traveling some time.”

“Traveling for your health, may be.”

“My health is quite feeble, but I believe your mountain air is going to recruit me.”

“You will stop awhile in our town, perhaps?”

“No, I think not; I have a long way to go to reach home.”

As they entered the village, the driver inquired “if he should take him round to the parsonage.”

“No,” said Mr. Williams; “I should not feel at liberty to stop with a Baptist minister, as I am of the Congregational persuasion; I think I will stop at the hotel, where you do.”

Mr. Williams was the only passenger, and rode with the driver. Although apparently indifferent to all around him, his eye was upon the minutest object. As the stage drew up in front of the hotel, he perceived Alton peeping from an upper



window, the driver at the same time giving his right hand a peculiar flourish, called out, "All right, Captain." Mr. Williams entered the hotel, called for supper, lodging, and an early breakfast, as he wished to be on the road as soon as possible, and requested to be shown to his room. The one assigned him was the one adjoining Alton's.

When the landlord retired, Mr. Williams turned the key in the door, making considerable noise about it, the door at the same time being unlatched. In an instant he stepped softly to Alton's door, and gave a faint knock.

Alton, thinking it was the landlord, immediately crossed the room, and opened the door. As the door swung open, Mr. Williams advanced, with a smiling countenance, at the same time extending his hand.

"Mr. Alton, how are you? happy to meet you, sir."

There was so much cordiality in the greeting, that Alton was taken by surprise. He took the proffered hand, saying, as he did so, "You have the start of me, sir; I do not recognize you."

"My name is Jonathan Williams, a constable from Massachusetts."

With a horrid oath, Alton attempted to spring past him, but the officer succeeded in locking the door, and placing the key in his pocket. Finding he was fairly caught, he made no resistance to the handcuffs being put on; he was then locked in his room for the night, with the officer, and the next morning taken to a shire town, and lodged in jail,



until the officer could obtain requisite papers from the Governor for his removal from the State. He made all possible haste to accomplish this object, but, on his return the second day, the bird had flown, having broken jail the night previous. The officer's disappointment was great, and with evident chagrin, he was obliged to return to Massachusetts, minus his prisoner.



## CHAPTER XXXV.

ABOUT this time, Jones received a letter from Alton, relating his success in kidnapping Willie, and urging him to bring Atherton along as soon as possible, as he wished to finish that work, and leave the country.

Jones had a plan already laid, and he at once wrote Alton, addressing him as Mr. Alden, according to agreement, and informing him of the part he was to play in seducing Atherton to the States.

This letter was received, and the next mail to Havana contained a letter for Atherton, bearing the postmark of a small village in Pennsylvania. The letter purported to have been dictated by his mother, and written by a person acting in the capacity of nurse. It read as follows :

MY DEAR SON :

Your mother is fast sinking to the grave. My health has been declining for a number of weeks, and to-day the physician tells me my days are numbered. If I could see my darling boy once more, I feel that I could die in peace.

You have done everything for my comfort since



your father's death that a son could do, but still I am asking more. It is my last request. You will soon be relieved of what any one else would consider a heavy burden.

Will you come to me once more, Charley? It is the dying request of your old mother,

SARAH ATHERTON.

By her nurse, SALLY WARD.

As may be imagined, this decoy had the desired effect. Atherton made all possible haste to go to his mother.

He drew a large sum of money from the bank for the purpose of traveling with her, if her health could be sufficiently restored to allow of it, and if not, he intended a magnificent mausoleum should mark the last resting place of his dearest friend.

The agreement was, to entice him to New York, and as fate would have it, the only vessel ready to sail was bound for that port. They were favored with a fine breeze and pleasant weather, making the voyage in an unusually short space of time.

As Atherton, accompanied by Jones, entered the city, they saw Alton apparently negotiating for a cargo of oysters that had just arrived. Appearing suddenly to catch sight of his old comrades, he rushed up to them, extending both hands.

"Atherton, my fine fellow, how are you?—could not have been more surprised to meet one from the dead. Come, go with me," he said, "we will all have a thanksgiving dinner in honor of your arrival;" and, taking Atherton's arm, he was



about hurrying him through the street, when Atherton withdrew from him, saying, "You are very kind, Alton, but I have not the time to spare. I am on my way to my mother. She is very sick, perhaps dead."

"Your mother?" said Alton, "why I saw her last week. I had business in that village, and called on her for your sake; she was in comfortable health then."

"She was? I received a letter from her a short time since, saying she expected to live but a short time."

"Well," said Alton, "she mentioned having a sick turn, and the physician being very much frightened, but she recovered from it. She said she expected to see her Charley before long; old people are very apt to think their time has come if they have any particular sickness, naturally enough, too, for their stay must be short at the longest."

"Well, I feel relieved," said Atherton, "if that is the case; I was afraid she would not live until I could get there."

"Well, come on," said Alton, "you must see my new establishment. Come on, Jones. I want your opinion of my taste in fitting up a saloon."

To this they agreed, and the three passed up the street. Alton supposed his heavy black false whiskers, his curls being concealed under his cap, would be a perfect disguise, but in an old ruinous building near the water, stood a man watching him through a small aperture.

As the trio moved on, this person came down



from the building, and followed at a distance, not to be suspected, and at the same time sufficiently near to watch their movements.

They entered a narrow, dirty street, on their right, and, after passing several buildings, entered an arch which led them to the rear of a three-story building fronting on L—— street.



## CHAPTER XXXVI.

IN the third story, back part of this building, was a saloon, magnificently fitted up, and brilliantly lighted by chandeliers.

The hour was noon, but the outside blinds and inside shutters were tightly closed, preventing a particle of light from without, it being their custom to prevent detection.

One end of this room was partitioned off by satin damask and white muslin curtains. Behind these curtains, were a number of females, gaudily dressed, and evidently much the worse for liquor. In the main room were fourteen men, engaged in smoking, drinking, playing cards, billiards, roulette, &c. The place was what is termed a gambling hell.

The center of attraction seemed to be a billiard table, on which a game was being played. The interest in the game had become intense; and the tall gentleman with sandy hair and gray eyes, who stood ready to give the ball its last throw, was regarded by his companion in almost breathless suspense. Suddenly, the ball received its impetus. It passed on; and as it finally rolled into its destined receptacle, it swept with it the entire for-



tune, fame, soul and body of the opposite gamester. Without a word, the ruined man took his hat and left the saloon. What a weight of agony pressed at that heart, as he passed through those streets to the water! Walking to the extreme end of the pier, he took a pistol from his pocket, and placing the muzzle in his mouth, fired, and the soul of the wretched man passed into the presence of its Maker.

A few minutes after this man had left the saloon, there was a knock at the door. Jones stepped forward and opened it.

"Will Mr. Atherton step to the door a minute?" said a voice, sufficiently loud to be heard in every part of the room.

As Atherton stepped forward, a note was placed in his hand by a young boy. He unfolded and read it. The note was a warning to leave the saloon immediately, as his life was in danger. "Keep your eye on Alton, as you leave the room," it said. He understood his situation in an instant, and Alton understood him.

"I must leave you a few minutes, Alton," he said, as he took his hat and started for the door.

"We cannot spare you," said Alton, stepping in front of him. Quick as lightning, Atherton seized him by the collar, and brought him to the floor.

"Promise me," he said, "safe egress from this building, or you shall never rise from this floor alive."

The report of a pistol was the only answer; and the body of the murdered man rolled from his



companion. With a horrid oath, Alton arose, while the cry of murder burst from the lips of the terrified females.

“Now, what shall we do with this infernal carcass?” said he, touching the body with the toe of his boot.

A stunning blow upon the door of the room, broke off the response. Another and another succeeded, and the door was shivered to atoms. A stout-built man, holding an axe in one hand, and a cane in the other, stood in the doorway. For a moment he stood regarding the group in silence. His hat-band, bearing the name *Police*, caused the stillness of death to reign throughout that infamous den.

“Well,” he said at length, “Here I have gamblers, murderers, courtesans, and a dead body.”

Then turning, he sprung a small rattle, which at once brought up a man similarly attired, wearing a similar badge.

“Go up to the marshal’s office, Mr. Adams, and tell him to send me a large posse, and twenty or thirty bracelets.”

The man was off instantly, and in twenty minutes returned with a large police force, and the *bracelets*, as the officer termed them, which were at once placed upon the wrists of men and women, who were marched through the streets, to the police office, and thence to jail.

The next week, the trial came off; the evidence was abundant and conclusive, resulting in the conviction of George Alton, for murder. The law-



yers on both sides, won laurels by their eloquent plaint and defense, but with unwavering justice, the jury returned a verdict, "guilty of murder, in the first degree," and he was again remanded to jail.

If the penalty of a crime must be capital punishment in this life, why need a criminal be tortured with its approach, over and over again? One month from the day of his conviction, George Alton was again taken to the court-house, to receive his sentence; the carriage being followed by the usual amount of ignorant, loafing humanity, and crowds of unruly boys, who had better never have been born, than to be brought up to lead the life that thousands in our cities do lead at the present day.

On rising to pronounce sentence, the judge spoke feelingly of the young wife, lying on her death-bed; referred to the destructive vice of gambling, which, he said, had its origin in bits of painted pasteboard, invariably drawing drink and licentiousness in its train, with a full consignment to the regions of despair. "And now," said he, (turning to the prisoner,) "the sentence of the law is, that you, George Alton, be taken from this place to the county jail, and at such time as the executive shall see fit, be taken thence to the jail yard, and hanged by the neck until you are dead;" and with tears streaming down his face, as he looked upon him, he added, "May God have mercy on your soul."

"Amen!" burst from the lips of several of the



spectators, the prisoner alone remaining unmoved. He was then conducted back to prison, to await his execution, and the crowded court-house was once more vacant.

With the depths of depravity and deception that filled the unregenerate heart of George Alton, he seemed to have no desire to deceive himself or others in regard to his prospects for eternity.

After the sentence of death was passed upon him, at his own suggestion, the several clergymen of the city were invited separately to converse with him. Each was convinced, on retiring, that there was a time, when he had made the Bible a study. He would quote Scripture with ease and fluency, to prove his theory of orthodoxy correct, but alas! his theory was only in his head, his heart remaining wholly untouched by the Spirit of grace.

His execution was appointed by the Governor, to take place on the twentieth of October. Numbers visited him in his cell, conversed, and prayed with him. To all he gave the unwavering answer, "I know I am about to die, I know my soul will be lost, but I have no feeling on the subject, not the first anxious thought in regard to the future."

Does not this prove that the doom of the sinner may be eternally sealed, long before death closes his earthly career? There is a last time in every one's case, when the Spirit's influence is felt upon the heart. If rejected then, there is no more striving, no more hope of forgiveness; their doom is irrevocably sealed.



## CHAPTER XXXVII.

MRS. ALTON's health was rapidly declining. She was passing through the dark valley which borders the Jordan of death. She had often felt and expressed a great desire to see Lucy Gelding. She had used every persuasion to induce Miss Livingston to explain to her why Lucy left her home. Finally, as her body seemed to suffer so much from her anxiety of mind on the subject, Miss Livingston told her the history of the family, so far as it was connected with that house.

As Lucy's school would close the last of July, and her marriage would not take place until the last of October, Miss Livingston wrote her Mrs. Alton's feelings, begging her, if she felt adequate to the task, to come to the city, and by her presence and conversation cheer the last hours of her existence.

The next day after her school closed, Lucy started for the city. She arrived in the evening, spent the night with Miss Livingston, and the next morning was introduced to Mrs. Alton. They were soon deeply engaged in conversation: each was peculiarly interested in the other's society.

'Thank God,' said the invalid, "for hearing



my prayer, and sending me a friend who can echo back the feelings of my soul."

One day as Lucy was sitting by the bedside, engaged with her sewing, Mrs. Alton turned to her with a countenance full of anxiety.

"Will you believe it? Miss Gelding," she said, "although I have been a professor of religion ten years, and never troubled with doubts of any kind, I am tried on my death-bed in regard to the resurrection; what can it mean?"

"You know," said Lucy, "the Jordan of death is represented as a cold flood, the waves of which often beat tempestuously, and the Christian is often buffeted by those waves, which, I think, are the doubts and fears which frequently attend the conqueror's victory. It is Satan's last effort to tempt the redeemed soul with distrust; do not give way to it. Jesus says, 'I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth on me, shall never die: believest thou this?' And again: 'Because I live, ye shall live also.' Death is called 'the king of terrors.' Even the Son of God was left to brave its dark waters alone, and in agony of spirit He exclaimed, 'My God! My God! why hast Thou forsaken me?'"

"Oh, that is comforting," said Mrs. Alton, "to know that Jesus understands our feelings, and sympathizes with us."

"Yes," said Lucy, "'He was tempted in all points like as we are, yet without sin;' and we may be assured He will not suffer us to be tempted



beyond what we can bear. 'He considereth our natures, and remembereth we are dust.' "

"I never could see," said Mrs. Alton, "why some of the very best Christians suffer so much, while others, who give little evidence of Christianity, glide along through the world in comparative ease."

"I think," said Lucy, "in afflicting the first-named class of Christians, God's only design is, 'their dross to consume and their gold to refine;' and the other class have very little reason to hope or believe they are Christians. I think when a person gives very little evidence of Christianity, there is certainly very little Christianity about them, and that little is usually of a spurious nature. Every genuine article in this world is followed by an imitation, consequently when Jesus introduced a pure Christianity to his disciples, Satan coined a spurious one in the character of Judas."

"Well, why do you suppose Judas was allowed to rank with the followers of Jesus, and at the same time be a traitor at heart?"

"Jesus said it was 'that the Scriptures might be fulfilled.' I presume Judas thought he loved Jesus until he was tempted with the paltry sum of fifteen dollars; he then found he loved the world best. Oh, what care is necessary to guard against a false hope."

"Why, it seems to me," said Mrs. Alton, "that I have never looked into the Scriptures before. I feel that my former life has run to waste. Oh, the



solid enjoyment there is in understanding the the Scriptures."

"Why should there not be?" said Lucy, "for they 'are able to make us wise unto salvation, through faith in our Lord Jesus Christ.'"



## CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE month of August passed, and Lucy still remained with Mrs. Alton, whose life was now fast drawing to a close. As usual in that climate, as September commenced, the consumptive sank rapidly.

Lucy had passed a month in her old home, but her mind had been borne so completely above the things of this world, that she had scarcely thought of the loss of her father's property.

One day, early in September, Mrs. Alton sent a message to James Salter, requesting his attendance professionally at her house.

Lucy was excused from the sick room during his call, and Mr. and Mrs. Livingston took her place. She walked out into the yard. There was the shrubbery her father had so much admired and herself enjoyed. There was her mother's name in evergreen, planted by her father's hand, and the dear old grapevine, which she had loved above all things else in that yard. She thought of what she had lost, and with the thought came crowding through her mind the many blessings God had given her in exchange.

“Let all that is within me praise His holy



name," she exclaimed. "What is there in this world that would compensate for one of His many blessings bestowed upon me?"

She gathered a bouquet of beautiful fall flowers, and arranged them for Mrs. Alton. She was soon after informed that the gentleman had left, and she returned to her post in the sick chamber.

Mrs. Alton gave her a look full of love, as she entered, her countenance glowing with health of body and mind. She took the flowers, and held them until her feverish hand caused them to wither.

"Dear flowers," said she, "they are dying: their lot foreshadows mine. My dear Miss Gelding," she continued, "I expect to part with you to-night. It will not be for long; I shall go first, but my soul tells me I shall know you when you come, and then we can spend an eternity together. I have not a doubt, or a fear, of my acceptance with God. 'Thanks be to Him who giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ.' Mr. Salter, the gentleman who just left, is a lawyer. He has been writing my will, and when I am gone home you will find I have not been unmindful of your great kindness to me."

Lucy, supposing it was some memento, like a favorite set of jewelry, expressed the melancholy pleasure she should derive from seeing and wearing something that had once been hers. They embraced each other tenderly; and as the arms of the invalid relaxed their hold, Lucy noticed they fell heavily on the bed. She looked at her closely, and



perceived her eyes were becoming fixed. She spoke to Mrs. Livingston, who still remained in the room, and the fact that Mrs. Alton was crossing death's cold flood was recognized by her in an instant.

"Does Jesus support you," said Lucy, "as you pass through the deep waters? Do you tread firmly?"

With an angel smile upon her countenance, she looked at Lucy, and with a great effort said, "The foundation is sure. Jesus is with me; what can I have more?" And with one gasp, and a pressure of the hand, she was gone.

"Oh, victory! victory!" exclaimed Lucy, "what is there in life, or death, so thrilling as a Christian's victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ?"

She wrote immediately to Mr. Willet, inviting him to attend the funeral, on the third day from the death. A messenger was also sent to the prison informing George Alton of the death of his wife. The jailor offered him permission to attend the funeral, accompanied by an officer, but this he declined, and the subject was not renewed.

Mr. Willet arrived just one hour before the funeral.

"And this is your old home," he said, as he took a seat in the library. "It must have required great energy and strength of mind to leave it so abruptly. I thought as I rode up it was the most beautiful city residence I had ever seen."

The funeral was attended at the house. Mr. Willet and Lucy, Mr. and Mrs. Livingston, Miss



Livingston, her brothers, and Mr. Salter, were all that remained after the funeral. These, accompanied by their pastor, followed the remains of Mrs. Alton to Mount Auburn Cemetery. Oh, delightful shades! precious solitude! the quiet, lovely resting place of hundreds, who, living, formed an earthly shrine for loving friends to worship at, to the neglect of Him who giveth and taketh away.

Lucy gave Mrs. Alton's body a place in her father's tomb. Those who followed her remains returned to Mrs. Alton's late residence to tea. On rising from the table, Mr. Salter invited them to the library, and there read the will, which bequeathed the house and lot to her friend, Lucy Gelding; the furniture to Miss Livingston; the twenty thousand dollars on interest to remain in the bank for the use of William Watts, if living, and if he was not heard from in twenty years, the money should be given for the relief of orphans in that city.

Lucy's surprise was perfect. With words of grateful acknowledgment, mingled with tears, she expressed her feelings toward the donor, and

"Blessed the glorious giver,  
Who doeth all things well."

As things had turned, Lucy concluded to remain in the city until after the wedding. Mr. Willet remained one week with her, and then returned to H——. Directly after he left, Lucy sent a messenger to the south part of the city, for Bridget



Farley. In less time than she could have thought possible, the girl came bounding up the back stairs, nearly beside herself with joy.

"Blessings on your handsome face," she said, "an' it's me that's the happiest critter in Ameriky; 'pears like I could never shut my mouth agin, that jist."

"I have sent for you," said Lucy, "to see if you would like to live here once more."

"Live here, is it? yes, and die here; Patrick Marooney told me last Sunday that, of all the young ladies that ever he saw, you was the sweetenest. He said, he would sooner work for your father for nothing, than for most men for hire."

Lucy told her, "she should want her in the city winters, and in the village of H—— summers."

"That's it," said Bridget, "that seems like the Irish nobility. Now I shall begin to know where I am. Ye see, I warn't born to hire with common folks; I can't do it without breaking my neck. Why, jist the name of George Alton has pitched me twice all over the sidewalk, breaking my arm both times."

"Well," said Lucy, "if you can come to me to-morrow morning, Eliza and Mrs. Livingston's girl will help you remove this furniture to Mrs. Livingston's, and bring mine back."

"Oh, the Lord bless ye, an' is it that same furnitary with red velvet; and jist standing on bear's claws, and things, that I am to see here agin? Well, if this aint the jubileap year, no matter."



Early the next morning, the exchange of furniture commenced, and at the close of the fourth day the house had been cleaned, and the furniture stood precisely as when Mr. and Mrs. Gelding were living.

Lucy's heart swelled with gratitude, as she viewed her old home once more, and she resolved, while she lived, to do all in her power for the relief of those who were suffering from the evil effects of gambling.

The time now was wholly occupied by herself and Miss Livingston in preparing for the double wedding. They were to be married in church, Rev. Dr. S—— officiating; they would then return with the invited guests, a number of whom were expected from H——, and spend one week in the city; after which they would spend a month in H——, and then Mr. Willet and Lucy return to the city for the winter.

Bridget and Eliza took a deep interest in the wedding arrangements: each of them were having a light blue silk dress made for the occasion. Bridget said she chose that color, because it would correspond with the sky-blue hairpin Patrick Marooney gave her two or three years previous.



## CHAPTER XXXIX.

ON the morning of the twentieth of October, at the hour of ten, George Alton walked out to the gallows, accompanied by the officers of the prison, and a Catholic priest, whom he had chosen the week previous, for his spiritual guide.

After mounting the platform, he turned and presented the priest with his watch. The Reverend Father accepted it, and kissing him, bid him "be of good comfort, for he would soon be in the Paradise of God."

"I do n't believe that," said the wretched man.

"Why, my son, I have granted you absolution, and you have received the sacrament. There is nothing now can keep you from the love of God."

"I do not *believe* it," he again exclaimed, "neither heaven, earth or hell will ever make me believe that a gambler, whose hands are red with blood, expiating his crimes upon the gallows, can go into the presence of Him, 'who is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity.' I tell you I could not be happy there with pure spirits. 'Everything seeks its level.' My companionship will be in the world of woe, with those who are lost, lost, forever. All last night long these words rang in my



ears, 'Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord.' Still they are ringing, and ringing, through my soul. Oh! do n't I know it? do I not feel it? My time is passed, his time is come; and I am confident he will keep his word, rewarding me according to my works." Then turning to the sheriff, he said, "What you have to do, do quickly."

The officer then placed the cap over his face, his assistant raising with both hands the long black curls, while he placed the noose about his neck. The signal was immediately given, and the guilty soul of George Alton was ushered into eternity.

Many a stout heart quailed that day, and many eyes, all unused to weeping, wept there, not only at the words of the dying man, but at the thought of what he was, and what he might have been.

"Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord."



## CHAPTER XL.

ON the evening of the same day that the execution took place in New York, the double wedding was solemnized in eastern Massachusetts. What a contrast! As Lucy stood in her parlors with her husband, after the guests had retired, she could but think of the sad, untimely end of one who had once been a guest in that house. And that passage of Scripture which had been so often urged upon her mind by her sainted mother, had been so literally fulfilled, that she requested Mr. Willet to have the passage printed and framed for the library. This was soon after done, and sent to the house, in an elegant frame, the letters being gilt, upon a dark ground.

Mr. and Mrs. Willet were as happy as it is possible for a Christian family to be, with everything this world affords to make them so, in addition to the love of God in their hearts.

The week following, in company with the young pastor and his wife, they set out for the village of H——. Mr. Willet had purchased an elegant family carriage, in the city, and his servant having arrived the day before with the bays, they all traveled together, making two days' journey of it.



The furniture which had been the gift of Mrs. Alton, was sent on the week previous, to furnish a hired house for the pastor and wife.

As they entered the village, Mrs. Willet observed a beautiful gothic cottage, standing near the church, which had been built since she left town.

“Whose pretty cottage is that?” she said.

Her husband replied, that it belonged to one of his friends.

“Please name the happy man,” said the pastor, for when I left town one week ago, no one was able to solve the mystery of that lovely cottage.”

“I wish to introduce my wife there,” said Mr. Willet, “and now we are all together, let’s call.”

The ladies wished to be excused, on account of their traveling dresses, but their objections were overruled by the gentlemen, and the carriage drew up to the door.

“I imagine the family have not yet taken possession,” said Mr. Willet, opening the front door, and stepping into the hall.

The ladies thought, on entering, that the hall looked very familiar. Mr. Willet threw open the parlor door, and requested them to walk in, when lo, and behold! there was the tasteful furniture that once graced the parlors of Mrs. Alton. The company stood spell-bound, except Mrs. Willet; she looked at her husband, and read the mystery in an instant.

“What can this mean?” said the pastor; “whose house are we in?”

“It means,” answered Mr. Willet, “that I wished



to know how it would work for a minister to commence life with some of the comforts other people enjoy, and as I knew of no one more worthy than yourself, I thought you would be a good subject for me to experiment upon. In answer to your second question, the house is yours."

The pastor took both his hands in his own, and with tears coursing down his face, he said, "God bless you and yours, with his choicest blessings in this life, and save you with an everlasting salvation, for Christ's sake."

Nothing could exceed the gratitude of the pastor's wife; and Mrs. Willet looked upon her husband with eyes beaming with love, so gratified was she at this manifestation of his noble heart.

They examined the house from attic to cellar. The church and congregation had arranged the furniture throughout, and the pastor's wife declared, she would never have a chairstand otherwise than as they had placed them.

"I perceive," said Mrs. Willet, "that you have the true minister's wife's heart. 'Love begets love;' be careful of the feelings of your husband's people, and they will care for yours."

"Oh, just look here," said the pastor, who was peeping into the pantries with Mr. Willet.

"What have you found now?" said the ladies, laughing.

One pantry contained a year's supply of groceries, and the other, various kinds of provisions, for present use.

"Well," said the pastor, "if this experiment



does not work well in my case, it should be used as a warning to all generous hearts not to lavish their kindness on an unworthy, ungrateful person. I feel as if the labor of a hundred lives was required to keep pace with the noble love of this people."

"We shall be perfectly satisfied with one," said Mr. Willet, as he entered his carriage with his wife, and drove to his magnificent home.

Miss Perry saw the carriage coming down the street.

"Goodness, gracious!" said she, "what prince in disguise is that? Rhoda Ann, where is your mother?"

"Why, what do you want of her?"

"None of your business what I want of her. Where is she? I asked you."

"Well, I guess she is up ———. No, I don't know as she is, either. I thought she said she was going to ———, but I guess she did n't; I don't know where she is."

"Why did n't you tell me so in the first place. Now that carriage has gone past."

"What carriage? gone where?"

"Get out," said the lady. "I might as well talk to the old gobbler, so far as having any sense is concerned. There is the carriage now at Mr. Willet's. Who upon earth can it be? Here comes Bill; I'll ask him. Look here, you Bill, who was in that carriage you just met?"

"Mr. Willet."

"Was Lucy Gelding with him?"



"No."

"Who was it? I saw a lady's dress at the carriage window."

"There is no Lucy Gelding in this town that I know of," said her nephew.

"Well, I would give a dollar to know who he had with him in that carriage; if he has given that proud thing the slip, I shall be thankful."

"I suppose," said her nephew (very honestly), "I can find out for you if you wish to know."

"Well, here," said his aunt, "I will give you fifty cents if you will; and if it is not Lucy Gelding, I will make it up a dollar."

"Agreed." And taking the fifty cents, he left the house. In about fifteen minutes, which seemed as many hours to Miss Perry, he returned.

"Hand over your other half dollar, auntie; her name is not Lucy Gelding, you may set your heart at rest about that."

"Goodness, mercy! who was it then?"

"Hand over your money; I am not going chasing all over town for fifty cents."

"Well, here. Now tell me if you know who he has got with him."

He took the money, and walking towards the door, "the lady's name," said he, "is ——— Mrs. Willet."

"Is he married?"

"So they say."

"Who did he marry?"

"Why, Lucy Gelding, of course."

"You lying thief, you;"—and away they flew



across the front yard, the boy followed by his aunt, with a yard-stick in her hand.

"There is a woman trying to beat a boy to death with a long stick," said the pastor's wife, as she looked from the library window.

The pastor looked out, and laughingly replied, he guessed the boy had been playing one of his practical jokes upon the lady, who was his aunt. He presumed there would be no blood shed.

There was a path beaten hard, through the pastor's front yard, the next week, by members of the church and congregation calling on the bride, each eager to learn, as far as possible, by observation, whether the lady would be likely to prove a blessing or a curse to the people. But the lady in question was not a member of the mushroom family, and the expectations of the people were more than realized, in her devoted life, and tender, affectionate heart.



## CHAPTER XLI.

ONE year later, an English steam-ship loosed from her moorings at East Boston, and passed out of the harbor, bound for Liverpool.

There were a large number of passengers on board, and among them, an old Scotchman and his grandson, a lad of fifteen. They were miserably clothed, presenting a striking appearance of abject poverty. Many were the conjectures of the ship's company concerning them, but no amount of questioning could elicit one word of their history. They kept aloof from the passengers as much as possible, asking no favors but to be left alone.

As they sat upon deck one moonlight night, conversing apart from the crowd, the old gentleman seemed unusually sad.

"Oh, where can rest be found?" he exclaimed.

"Do n't, grandfather," said the boy, bursting into tears. "I wish we had not left the States; I would much rather have stayed there."

"You know, Wallace," said the old man, there was no peace there for either of us. We were hunted by that fiend from place to place, our lives in jeopardy continually. I could endure it no longer."



"What shall we do if he follows us here?" said the boy.

"I shall go back, and state the facts in the case to the authorities, and let the law take its course. I had rather die than be hunted up and down the world this way."

"You would n't be condemned, grandfather; all you did was to assist in carrying out the body."

"I know it; but the fact that I have kept it so long a secret, might go against me. The law is very nice in some points."

The ship held on her course, and finally reached the English coast. Soon after their arrival, the old man found employment on the wharf, and a week later, the boy enlisted on board an English ship, as a raw hand before the mast, on a voyage to Australia.

"I wish you was going too, grandfather," said the boy. "I am afraid to leave you here."

"No matter for me, Wallace, my life is not of much value anyway; but I want you should keep a sharp look out for yourself, and here is something to help you do it,"—handing him a brace of pistols. "Never use them except in self-defense, and then use them to some purpose. If I am not here when you come back, I will leave some clue for you to trace me by. But if you get a good chance for employment, do n't return on my account. I care more for your safety than my own, for the love I bore your mother, my only daughter."

Wallace grasped the old man's hand with a hard pressure, and, as each looked into the face of the



other, the tears were ready to burst forth. They unloosed their hands and parted, without a word of farewell.

"That boy has been well brought up by somebody," said the mate to the captain, the second week Wallace was on board the British ship.

"Yes," said the captain, "I like his appearance. If he holds out as he has begun, I intend making a midshipman of him. He has natural good sense, and his kindness of heart is perfect."

"He is an American, I think," said the mate.

"No; he told me his parents were Scotch."

"That may be; but his manners are those of first class American society."

"Well, I like him," said the captain, "let him belong to what nation he will."

All through the voyage, the captain and officers took unusual pains to instruct him in the various tactics of seafaring, and the lad went on with rapid strides in his new vocation. Instead of spending his time with other sailors, in telling and listening to yarns, he was deep in the study of navigation.

The ship in due time returned to the English coast, and the first inquiry of Wallace was for his grandfather. He learned from a stevedore, that he left suddenly, about a week previous, but where he had gone no one knew.

"I thought," said the man, "that he seemed sort of crazy. He handed me this scrap of paper, and told me if you returned, to put it into your hand, but no one else must ever see it."



Wallace took the paper, and read the words, "Mont Ver," the letters being scattered over the paper, one and two in a place.

Wallace understood in an instant the place of his grandfather's destination, and also, that the same fiend was on his track, that had dogged his footsteps for two years past.

He thought over his past life, years of happiness and years of suffering. He felt alone in the world; the Atlantic rolled between him and his only earthly relative.

"Heaven helps those who help themselves," he said, at length; "I have no one to look to but myself and Heaven for help."

In three days he was again on board one of Her Majesty's ships, with the same officers and crew, bound for South America.



## CHAPTER XLII.

ONE day, when about two weeks out at sea, as the captain was going below, he said to Wallace, "Come down to me when you have finished cleaning the deck."

"Ay, ay, sir," said the lad, raising his cap.

In about half an hour, he descended to the cabin.

"Be seated," said the captain.

The boy obeyed.

"I think you told me, Wallace, on your first voyage, that you was a native of Scotland."

"Yes, sir."

"How does it happen that you have acquired American manners so perfectly?"

"I was brought up in America, sir."

"At what age did you go there?"

"It was before my remembrance."

"Was your father Scotch?"

"No, sir, English."

"Well, tell me your history, Wallace, what you can recollect of it."

The boy looked so sad and disconsolate, that the captain regretted having asked him.



"If the request is an unpleasant one, you need not obey," said the captain.

"Oh, I don't mind telling you my history, but it is so interwoven with the history of others, who were so dear to me, that I am afraid I cannot tell you all, and be fit for duty."

"You need not," said the captain. "I will ask you a few questions, and that will be all that concerns me. What was your father's first name?"

"William."

"And your mother's maiden name?"

"Sarah Mansfield."

"It is even so," said the captain, addressing himself.

"Here are my parents' miniatures," said the boy, drawing a gold locket from his bosom, and passing it to the captain.

The locket opened with a spring, and there met his gaze two pictures, painted on ivory; one, the picture of a lady, aged twenty-four, and the other a gentleman, apparently thirty years of age. The countenance of the captain paled, as he looked at them, and he groaned aloud.

"Where are your parents now?" he said.

"They both died of cholera, in less than forty-eight hours after landing in the United States."

"Gone home!" said he, "gone home!"

"Wallace," he continued, "come here and look at these miniatures with me."

The boy rested on one knee beside the captain.

"Don't you see, Wallace, that your mouth, forehead and eyebrows are the very image of hers?"



“Yes, sir, my grandfather always told me I looked like my mother.”

“Well,” said the captain, “all the love it is possible for one person to bear another in this world, I felt for your mother. I loved her with a perfect idolatry. My twin brother loved her also, but she gave me the preference. He became exasperated, and threatened my life if I attempted to marry her. We were engaged, and the wedding day was set. I had engaged a clergyman to marry us secretly at nine o’clock in the evening, on board a ship; then we were to retire to an inn, where I had engaged a room and board for us both. To prevent all fear of being recognized, we agreed to wear masks. No one knew of our arrangements in the world, but her maid, and she, fiend that she was, exposed them to my brother.

“About twenty minutes before the time agreed upon for me to go for her, two men requested to see me upon urgent business. They kept me in conversation fifteen minutes beyond the time, and when I arrived at our place of meeting, she was not there. I waited fifteen or twenty minutes, and then inquired at the house for her. The lady of the house said, ‘She went out about an hour ago, and has not returned.’

“A cold chill ran over me. I hurried to the ship. No one had been there; but the officers had seen a gentleman, lady, and clergyman go on board another ship, which was ready to sail for Europe. As soon as they stepped on board, the marriage



ceremony was performed, the minister left, and the ship put out to sea.

“I was afterwards told by the sailors that your mother knew nothing of the deception practiced upon her until the next day. When she ascertained the truth, her grief amounted almost to distraction. And how do you suppose I felt, standing on that wharf all that night? My thirst for revenge was so great that it seemed to me ‘the pains of hell had got hold upon me.’

“In the morning I returned to her house and inquired for her maid. She had left. I searched the city until I found her, and drew her heart’s blood. I was never detected or suspected. This is the first time I ever mentioned it.

“And now, my dear boy, you must be mine. You have my name, as well as your father’s, and, I presume, your mother gave it you for my sake. It is the only equivalent I can have for the loved, and the lost. Do not deny me,” he said, opening his arms. The next instant he folded them, but within the embrace, with his head resting upon the shoulder of the captain, was the form of William Wallace Watts, known in Massachusetts as *Lord Baltimore*. A strong love of man to man is an affecting sight, having an ennobling influence, enlarging the soul. It seemed as though the affections of Captain Watts, which had been so rudely thrust back, to recoil around his own heart, at the time of his bitter disappointment, now burst forth in a thousand tendrils, clinging and entwining around this boy.



He would put back his hair with both hands, and look at him, and look again, exclaiming, "Oh, that forehead, that mouth. I must have her name with mine," he said. "I shall leave off the William, and call you Wallace Mansfield Watts, in future, by your leave, Wallace," he added.

"Just as you please, Uncle."

"Can you call me father?" said the captain, in a low voice.

"Certainly, anything you wish," said Wallace, laughing.

"Well, my son, I will have my will made the first time I set foot on shore. I have a plenty for us both."

"Your love is all I ask," said the boy. "I am able to work for myself, and I hope I shall be able to prove that your love has not been bestowed upon an unworthy object."

"There is Sarah's pride of character," said the captain, "every word of it."

"What the deuce is the captain doing with that boy in the cabin so long?" said the quartermaster to one of the sailors.

"I presume," he answered, "that he has fallen down, and is worshiping him. He has scarcely taken his eyes off him for a week. I'd like to see the woman that would think as much of me as he does of that boy."

"You will never be hurt by women thinking about you, anyhow," said a shipmate.

"May be not," returned his companion, drawing



a miniature from his bosom, and holding up a lady's pictured face to the astonished eyes of the crew.

"Jack, where did you get that?" and they all made a plunge at it, but they were too late; in an instant it was safely enfolded next his heart, beneath folds of red flannel. The hubbub on deck, brought up the captain and Wallace.

"Gentlemen," said the captain, "allow me to introduce to you my son, WALLACE MANSFIELD WATTS."

The sailors looked at the captain, and looked at the boy. They were sure the captain was a bachelor, and they thought Wallace was the boy's family name.

"My adopted son," said the captain, at length.

"Oh!" a number of them exclaimed, in concert, "why did n't you let on before, and not keep us surmising all sorts of things about ye?"

He laughingly replied, "He thought he was above suspicion in their minds."

"So you is," said an old salt, "and woe to the one that thinks the first word about ye."

The captain joined in the general laugh, and the crew commenced congratulating the two upon their new acquisition.



## CHAPTER XLIII.

THE night on which Willie was abducted from the house of Mrs. Alton, was one of inky blackness. There was no moon, the sky was clouded, and a heavy fog coming in from the sea, wrapt the city in almost impenetrable darkness; save here and there a flickering lamp, no object could be distinguished.

A little past midnight, George Alton drew his boots from his feet, in the back alley, and by standing upon the shoulders of a servant, hired for the occasion, was enabled to scale the brick wall surrounding the rear yard of his former home.

Letting himself down by the grapevine, as he had done two years previous, on the night of Bridget's fright, he passed across the yard to the basement windows. They were firmly secured. Taking a diamond from his pocket, he cut out a small piece of glass, sufficient to admit a thumb and finger; the patent fastener was immediately turned back, and the next moment he was ascending the stairs leading to Willie's room.

His design was to remove Willie to a place where he could carry out his threat of murdering him by inches. He would then return and murder his wife. To this end, he administered chloroform to



the boy, while sleeping, and wrapping him in a rose blanket, proceeded down stairs, but in passing Mrs. Alton's door, the blanket caught upon the door-knob. The rattle awoke Mrs. Alton in season to hear his retreating footsteps, and the sound of her own moving about the chamber was the means of saving her life.

He listened until he heard her return to bed. He then unbolted the back gate, and handed the boy to his servant, who carried him to the end of the alley, and gave him into the arms of Mansfield, who moved quickly off with him toward the south end of the city.

A heavy shower of rain commenced falling, and the watchmen, never too vigilant, were sheltering themselves in arches and alcoves, thus enabling Mansfield to pursue his way unmolested.

As he emerged into the open country, nearly sinking beneath the weight of the boy, he saw a physician's carriage standing before a house. A light shining through a blind, showed that the attention of the inmates was occupied in the back part of the building. Laying the boy on the floor of the carriage, he unloosed the horse and drove carefully away.

Twenty-four hours later, that horse stood in front of a house, fifty miles north of the city, the man and boy having proceeded on foot, and a suit of boy's clothing, hanging on a line in the rear yard, were forever after to that family among the things that were.

"Where in the fiend's name is Mansfield?" said



Alton, as he stood at the saloon door, waiting for admission.

"I do n't know," was the answer, "but if he has played us false, I will chop him to atoms, after receiving the sum he did for the job."

"I hate that man," said Alton, "I intended putting him out of the way as soon as this boy was disposed of."

"Well, I guess he has disposed of him to his own satisfaction, for he evidently does not intend bringing him here."

"I do n't know what he could want of him," said Alton.

"Nor I either; but I noticed when you said his name was William Watts, of Scotch descent, that his eyes nearly started from their sockets. Perhaps he took an interest in the boy, from the fact that he is Scotch himself."

"Well, it wont do to stand here any longer, the police will be upon us."

"What are we going to do? Perhaps the rascal has betrayed us."

"I never thought of *that*," said Alton; the best way for us is, to leave the city for the present; you go south, I will go north. I have a distant relative in Vermont, who keeps a public house. I can learn by the papers how things are going here."

"Well, good bye," said his companion; "if I am kidnapped through his peaching, do you scour the country until you find him; and if you are, I will do the same."

"Agreed," said Alton, and they shook hands and parted.



## CHAPTER XLIV.

FAR up among the Green Mountains, on one of the highest peaks, stood a log hut. Not such a neatly-hewn, close-fitting log cabin, as we see in the West, but the logs were dead timber, all lengths, barely flattened on two sides, sufficiently to keep them from rolling. The roof was thatched with leaves. It was a rough shelter from storms, and wild animals, nothing more. But uncouth as its appearance was, it did honor to the builder, taking into consideration that the only implement used in its construction, was a double-bladed jack-knife.

In this home of perfect solitude, lived Mansfield and Willie.

Long before they were at their journey's end, it was proved by the miniature, (which Willie, sleeping or waking, always wore,) that he was the son of Mansfield's only daughter. The old man mistrusted it, as soon as he heard his name mentioned, and he determined to save the boy's life, even at the risk of his own. One year they lived here unmolested. The old man would occasionally go down to some village, and purchase what things he could carry up the mountains, and the boy would watch the



traps, and dress whatever game they chanced to catch. One of these journeys usually occupied two days.

When they had lived here about a year, the old man started one morning on one of his tramps, as he called them, for the purpose of bringing back salt. They had caught a large lot of fish the day previous, in a river at the foot of the mountain, and the intention was to salt them down. He had inserted a log in one corner of his cabin, and upon the upper end he had driven a hollow log, about three feet long, and stuffed the crevices with rags, pressed in hard. When this was completed, his fish barrel was ready for use.

Just before night, the old man reached the village, tired and hungry. He purchased his salt, and had just seated himself in the public house, when a voice outside brought him to his feet in an instant.

As he looked from the window, he saw Jones, giving his horse into the care of the landlord. Without stopping to give the second look, he passed through the house and out at the back door, making for the forest, as fast as his weary limbs would carry him. About midnight, he reached his hut, exhausted and dispirited. Willie unbarred the door, and lighted a torch.

"Why, grandfather! how tired you look; how happened you to get home so quick?"

"We must leave here, Wallace, before light."

"Why, what is the matter?"



"Them fiends are on our track; I have seen Jones."

"Oh, grandfather," said the boy, hiding his face in his hands, his young heart wrung with mortal fear, "it is of no use for you to try to save me; they will have me, and if that will be the means of your finding peace and rest, why, let me go. They can but kill me, grandfather."

"Nothing but death shall part us," said the old man; when I have had a couple of hours rest, I can start again; we have not much to carry."

Willie made a fire, and cooked some fish and quails, and they ate their last meal in that hut in silence, and in tears. At daylight they commenced their journey eastward.

"Where do you intend going, grandfather?" said the boy.

"I do not know, my son. I thought we would travel toward the sea coast, and if worst comes to worst, we will go back to Scotland."

And on they went, startled at every turn, lest they should hear their mortal enemy. Occasionally, they would get a ride of a few miles in some farmer's wagon, and sometimes a stage would be going their way, and that would help them on; and thus they traveled until, near the close of the third week, they entered the almost impenetrable forests of Maine. Here they once more built themselves a hut, and set their traps. Game was very plenty, and they subsisted upon this wholly. They lived here about six months without seeing a human being.



## CHAPTER XLV.

ONE day, as they were employed in dressing their game before the hut, they were suddenly startled, by hearing footsteps in the underbrush, and soon after human voices.

The old man hurried Willie into the hut, and, taking a pistol in each hand, stood waiting their approach. They soon made their appearance, and proved to be two lumber dealers from Massachusetts, who were examining the timber with the design of lumbering.

They were thoroughly questioned in regard to occurrences in Massachusetts for the last year and a half, and, to Mansfield's surprise, communicated the fact that Alton had been hung.

"And they are on the track of another murderer," said one of the men, "or at least so a man told me, about thirty miles back of here; I never heard of it in Massachusetts."

"What murder do you refer to?" said Mansfield.

"I think the man said the name was Salter. The man who told me, said he had tracked the murderer into this State, and he would not leave it until he had him."



“Was the man an officer?”

“I suppose so,” said the stranger, “though I didn’t ask him; he told me his name was Jones, and said a large reward was offered for the murderer.”

After resting a couple of hours, they proceeded on their way through the forest. Soon as they were out of sight, Willie gave way to uncontrollable grief. The old man trembled from head to foot, and his excitement became so great that Willie was obliged to restrain his own grief, to comfort his grandfather.

“We must leave the country immediately,” said the old man.

“What will be the use?” said Willie; “he will hunt us to our graves; we might as well die, and be at rest.”

“If I could be sure of rest, I would willingly die, but that is not my belief. Come, my son, tie up what clothes you have, and some provisions; we must start to-night.”

The boy obeyed, and in a short time they were once more on their rugged way.

Oh, how much mortal anguish and heart-rending wrong is experienced daily in this world, that is known only to the suffering heart, and to God.

On they went, through forests, fording rivers, through villages in the night, and, when worn out by fatigue, resting in some sheltered nook by day, upon the cold ground.

On the fifteenth day of their journey, they



entered the city of Portland, and that evening took passage on board a sloop, for Massachusetts; and the evening following secured a passage on board the Royal steamship, for Liverpool, where we have already traced them.



## CHAPTER XLVI.

EARLY on the morning succeeding the recognition of Wallace by his uncle, the cry of "sail, ho!" was heard from the masthead.

"Where away?" said the captain.

"Just in our wake, sir."

"What does she look like?"

"She looks, for all the world, like a pirate, sir. She is bearing down upon us, under a full press of canvass, and comes as if she intended running us into the sea. She is sharp built, and comes like a rocket. Lord save us," said the sailor, after a moment's interval; "she has run up her flag."

The captain took a glass, and hastily mounted the rigging. Sure enough she had run up her flag—a black back ground, with white skull and cross-bones.

"Mount the long Tom," said the captain, as he stepped upon deck, "and get ready for action. Load the small arms, and prepare to give her an English reception. Wallace," he said, "go below and remain there until I send for you."

A gun from the pirate signaled the British ship to stop.

"Don't want your company," said the captain;



“but if you will come, we will do the best we can for you.”

On she came, until it seemed her bowsprit must inevitably pierce the English ship, when, with perfect nautical skill, she slid off and came up broadside with her antagonist.

“Now, pick your men, my boys,” said Captain Watts. Fire!”

The bullets rattled like hail on both ships; the fire was simultaneous. The English lost one man, and had four wounded. The pirate lost her captain and six others, beside the wounded. In an instant the pirate flag was lowered, and the stars and stripes run up.

“No you do n’t,” said Captain Watts, “you are on your own hook, and must fare accordingly.”

The pirates, meanwhile, made every preparation for a regular battle.

“Give her a taste of the long Tom, directly in range with her mainmast,” said the captain.

The order was obeyed, and the next instant the mainmast went by the board, killing six men, and wounding four others.

“Do you want any more?” said the captain, through his trumpet.

There was no answer, and, as the smoke cleared away, not a soul was in sight upon her decks.

“There’s devilment brewing there,” said an old sailor; “folks that are still are always in mischief.”

Fearing an explosion, the captain ordered his ship to stand off from the enemy. The ship swung around, and was moving off, when the mate



exclaimed, "It is not fire, but water. See her settle!"

The next instant a boat put off from the pirate with four men.

"Will you surrender?" said Captain Watts.

"No; we defy you!" was the answer that came faintly over the water.

"Surrender, or die," said the captain.

A mocking retort was the only answer. While the last words were still sounding, the scuttled ship sunk from sight, engulfing with her the boat containing the last of her crew.

The captain ordered a boat to cruise around the scene of disaster, to pick up the bodies, if any floated, in order to ascertain, if possible, the nationality of the ship and crew.

They succeeded in securing two. In an inside pocket of a coat, worn by one of them, was a pocket-book marked, Herbert Jones, Norfolk, Virginia. The captain stepped to the companion-way.

"Wallace, what was the given name of that Jones you were telling me about last evening?"

"Herbert."

"Your enemy has gone to his account, and I trust your grandfather may have the pleasure of living and dying in peace."

"Heaven be praised," said Wallace; "my sorrows on my grandfather's account are at an end. Now, if I can find him, I think I can be perfectly happy." After a moment's reflection, he added, "If I could see Mrs. Alton."



"When this voyage is completed, we will take a trip to the United States," said the captain, and if I like the looks of your model city, we will remain there. I do not intend following the sea after this voyage."

"I love the sea," said Wallace; "it is the height of my ambition to become master of a vessel; and if ever I earn enough to buy one, I would sooner spend my money for that than any other object."

"Is that it?" said the captain; "I thought the idol was in Massachusetts."

"The land idol is; but the sea god is a vessel—a three-decker, father."

It was the first time he had called him by that name. The captain caught him to his heart.

"You shall have just such a vessel as you want, if it is a *ten-decker*."

A peal of laughter from the whole crew brought the captain to his senses.

The dead bodies were lowered into the sea, and the ship pursued her way, arriving in due time at Rio de Janeiro.



## CHAPTER XLVII.

NEAR the close of the fourth winter of Lucy's marriage, a young gentleman, dressed in the uniform of a naval officer, rang the bell at the house of Mr. Willet, on C—— street. Eliza, who formerly lived with Mrs. Alton, answered the summons.

"I wish to inquire," said the young officer, "where I can find Mrs. Alton, who formerly owned this house."

"No place short of Heaven," said the girl, looking steadily at him.

"Is she dead?" he inquired, the tears starting to his eyes.

"Oh, yes, sir; she died four years ago; blessings on her kind heart. She just mourned herself to death."

"Did she die here?"

"Yes, and Mrs. Willet can tell you all about it. She was with her when she died."

"I would like to see her," he said.

"What name, if you please?" said Eliza.

The gentleman looked at her, and with a sad smile said, "*Lord Baltimore.*"

The girl gave one shriek, as Bridget expressed



it, "a perfect yell," and threw her arms around him.

"Oh, Willie," she said, "the mistress just died grieving for ye ; but she's left ye all the money she had, and her miniature taken small, so you can wear it."

Mrs. Willet opened the parlor door, and Eliza at once introduced him as "Willie, the boy what Mrs. Alton loved so much."

Mrs. Willet received him with all the cordiality of an old friend, for Mrs. Alton's memory. He stayed an hour, and learned from her the particulars of Mrs. Alton's death, and her will. On looking at her miniature, he could not control his feelings, but wept profusely, and Mrs. Willet sympathized with him from her heart.

"She will not return to you, but you must go to her," said Mrs. Willet. "Are you prepared to spend an eternity with her?"

"Thank God," said the young man, "I have a hope that I am."

"Then dry your tears," she said, "you have not met for the last time. In a few years at longest, we shall see our dear Mrs. Alton in her Father's house, where there are many mansions."

She gave him Mr. Salter's address, and he left, after promising to dine with them the following day.

"What in the name of common sense, are you making such a row about, up in the hall?" said Bridget, as Eliza came down stairs.



“Oh, Willie’s got back alive, and he’s the bea-  
tutest young man you ever see.”

“Well, what if he is? Need you split his head  
open, yelling?”

“I’ve split nobody’s head open, but I will, if  
you can’t sympathize with me when I am so over-  
come.”

“I never had much sympathy for a girl that was  
overcome at the sight of a young gentleman.”

“No, you’ve no more feeling than that boot-jack.  
Think how you carried on, the day George Alton  
was hung—kept up a steady shuffle all day, that  
jist.”

“Well, I guess if you had had every bone in  
your body broke by that scamp, you would have  
shuffled off your mortal coil.”

“I think I should have kept a little stiller, if I  
was as bad off as that.”

Their voices became so loud in the altercation,  
that Mrs. Willet rang the parlor bell, in a way they  
understood as a request to be quiet.

The next day, Mrs. Alton’s miniature, set in  
gold, graced the bosom of Midshipman Watts, U.  
S. N. Two days before calling at Mr. Willet’s, he  
had purchased a vessel, at his uncle’s request, and  
the day previous, her name, the *Ellen Alton*,  
appeared in bold relief upon her beautiful hull.  
His intention was to surprise Mrs. Alton with a  
view of his new ship, and his grief and disappoint-  
ment at finding her gone forever, was more than he  
knew how to bear.



"Where was she buried?" he asked Mrs. Willet.

"She still lies in my father's tomb. I have been waiting and hoping for your return, that we could decide together in regard to her last resting place."

They finally decided her body should remain at Mount Auburn; and the next day, Captain Watts and Wallace, in company with Mr. and Mrs. Willet, went out to that lovely, sequestered home of the dead, and purchased a lot, for the purpose of beautifying it, previous to the reception of those loved remains.

"That is a noble young man," said Mr. Willet, as he was sitting with his wife that evening in his library. "I think I never saw finer feelings in a human breast, than he possesses."

"He is, indeed, a noble-hearted person," said his wife; "did you notice his exquisite taste in the arrangement he proposed of that burial place?"

"I did; and thought at the time, I could scarcely reconcile that taste with his taste for the sea."

"I think," said his wife, "that he has a soul sufficiently large to enjoy not only what is beautiful, but all that is noble and grand in nature. Usually, we see one person appreciating the magnificent, and another, the simpler beauties, but I think in his mind both tastes are combined."

"That is a true exposition of the case," said her husband, smiling, "and I think I am acquainted with a lady, near enough like him to be his sister."



"If relationship is formed by taste, then, certainly, we were too nearly related for marriage," she laughingly replied.

"Love will have its course, you know," he said, "and I was not able to help myself."

## CHAPTER XLIX.



## CHAPTER XLVIII.

THE Ellen Alton was expected to sail in about a month, and the whole time and attention of Capt. Watts and his nephew were engaged in trying to discover the retreat of Mr. Mansfield. They traveled in Vermont, and visited the hut they formerly occupied. Some one had evidently lived there recently; the fish barrel had been used, and various implements had been formed of bone and wood, which remained in the hut. They made inquiries at the villages where he used to trade, but no one had seen him. After having searched as far as practicable, and advertised in a number of leading newspapers, they were obliged to sail without having made the least discovery in regard to him.

The morning the Ellen Alton was to sail on her first voyage, religious services were held on board.

Rev. Dr. S—— preached a sermon from the words, "Then they willingly received him into their ship." He said, he wished every ship owner and commander could feel the need of God's blessing and Spirit on shipboard. Had this been the case, the isles of the sea had long since been converted to God.



He said, if Christ was willingly received on board a ship, it was an evidence that those in command were acquainted with him. Jesus Christ's disciples were afraid when they saw him walking on the sea, but when he said, "It is I, be not afraid," then they willingly received him into their ship.

He thanked God that those who "go down to the sea in ships, and do business in great waters," were making the acquaintance of this same Jesus, who walked the sea of Gallilee. Every sailor should make his acquaintance, and engage him as helmsman on the voyage of life, that when in the midst of storms and tempests, shoals and reefs, they could fearlessly exclaim, "my Father's at the helm;" and finally outride the storm, and anchor safely in the haven of eternal rest.

A number of invited guests were on board, and among them, Mr. and Mrs. Willet. After the sermon, they all joined in singing the hymn commencing:

"The morning light is breaking,  
The darkness disappears,  
The sons of earth are waking  
To penitential tears.  
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean  
Brings tidings from afar,  
Of nations in commotion,  
Prepared for Zion's war."

After singing, they all retired to the cabin, where an ample dinner was provided for the entire company.



While they were still at the table, Mrs. Willet begged leave to read a paper she held in her hand, for the consideration of all present. The captain bowed his assent, and the owner of the vessel requested her to proceed. The lady read as follows :

“ We, the undersigned, having witnessed with horror, the disastrous effects of gambling in this city, do hereby pledge ourselves to abstain from, and denounce gaming in every form, and do hereby covenant together to use our influence in its suppression, and believe that permitting it to enter our homes in miniature form, for the amusement of our children, is a sin, and a disgrace to the cause of Christ.”

The paper had received the signatures of twenty-five persons, ladies and gentlemen. The pastor expressed his extreme satisfaction at this movement, and himself, with the majority of the ship's company, immediately signed their names. After which, a general leave-taking took place, and the company stepping on shore, the vessel put out to sea. Hats and handkerchiefs were waved from the wharf, and answered by a salute from the ship's cannon, and three hearty cheers by the crew.

“ That ship's company occupy a large place in my heart,” said Mrs. Willet, as they receded from view.

“ They are worthy to,” answered her husband ; “ a finer set of officers and men I never saw together. I almost want to go with them. I shall certainly look forward to their return with a great deal of interest.”



## CHAPTER XLIX.

MEANWHILE, numerous conversations and arguments were being sustained by the sailors in regard to the morning's entertainment.

"I say, Bill," said one of them, "there was something about that woman that read the pledge, that took me right off."

"I thought so, the way you looked at her, with your mouth wide open."

"Well, anyhow," continued the first speaker, "there was something about her you do n't see in every woman."

"What was it?"

"Well,—everything. Did n't you mind how easy she was in conversation? She could talk just as confidently to us as she could to the ladies. Now, some women, if there is a man round, their tongues are wound up tight—can't say a word. Then there is others that will act like so many fools, put on airs, and talk as loud, keeping watch, to see if they attract attention. Now, I despise both them kinds; but this one was just right. She did n't look at us as if she thought us wild animals, nor act as if she thought us looking at her; but she acted as if she minded her own business, and ex-



pected every one else was doing the same. I should feel just as much at home, and just as easy, in company with a ship load of such women, as I should with a ship load of men."

"I presume you would, and a good deal more so," said his companion. "I guess you are rather susceptible."

"No, I am not; as a general thing, I do n't like the race; but this one is an extra affair. I'll bet the Atlantic Ocean against a frog pond, that the woman who read that paper has n't a female confidant in the world. You would never hear her making mischief. I believe that woman is ——"

"Well, out with it."

"I believe that woman is about as near perfection as a mortal can get, and live."

"Oh, fury! why do n't you make a wooden image like her, and worship it," said Bill.

"Because, I would n't want to do anything that would displease her so much as that."

"Well, do try to do something desperate, to relieve your feelings, if possible."

"I mean to. I am going to break off gambling and swearing, just for the impression that woman has made upon my mind; and if there is anything over sea that I think will please her, I mean to buy it for her."

"Go it," said Bill; "that craft shattered you pretty badly. I would n't advise a second meeting lest the result should be a rebellious fever. How long do you expect to be without a checker-board?"



"Forever!"

"Yes; I guess you will. What you going to do when Nelly is becalmed? Won't you want something to take up your mind?"

"I have a-plenty. There are all them books the ladies brought on board for us; then I have a good many of my own, besides that enormous Bible on the cabin table. I intend studying navigation, and what other time I have I expect to be on duty; and at the end of the voyage, we will see which has produced the most improvement, my books, or your checker-board."

"It is n't good I am after, but amusement."

"Well, you can just as easily learn to amuse yourself with an interesting book, as a checker-board; and I should think if your mind was sufficiently large to cover one square inch, you could easier."

"Well, go ahead," said Bill; "I reckon one or the other of us will turn in before the voyage is up."

"How about that helmsman for a life voyage?" said an old sailor, joining them.

"Oh, I expect it would be a good thing," said Bill.

"I expect so, too," said the old sailor. "If we should be suddenly called off duty, why we could n't make that port, with the present rig, and there we should be, stranded, high and dry, with no hope of getting off through all eternity."

"I know it," said Bill, "but the other rig do n't



seem to fit this craft; I never like to think about that subject much."

"I liked that old preacher for one thing," said his companion, "and that is, he talked the Bible as if he believed it. Now, I have heard ministers say, in the pulpit, that, *if the Bible is true*, why things will turn out thus and so; and if such and such a passage is correct, why the result will be thus and so. Now, I never want to hear anything of that kind. I do n't want to hear a man preach the Gospel, unless he believes it, and if he does, I want him to say so. The best preacher I ever read after, was Jesus Christ; He was a great hand to quote Scripture; but I never heard of His using the expression, 'if the Scriptures are true.' He always put it down in this way: '*There was a certain rich man, and there was a certain beggar.*' '*He that believeth on me, shall be saved; and he that believeth not, shall be damned.*' '*Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God.*' Now, for all I have no part or lot in this matter, I want to hear the truth, and hear it as though the one preaching it believed what he said. It seems to me if I was called to warn men to flee from the wrath to come, I should want to write with a pen of fire, and preach with a voice of thunder. I tell you them fellows have got something to answer for, that stand as lighthouses on the sea of life; if they don't keep their lanterns trimmed and burning, and allow ships to run on to the rocks through their neglect, it is a wonder if



the price of the wrecks are not charged to their account, and if so, how are they going to pay it? It strikes me some of these preachers will be bankrupt by the time they get through."

"I do n't know but they will, said Bill, "but I am afraid there will be plenty of other crafts to keep them company."



## CHAPTER L.

ABOUT a month after the sailing of the Ellen Alton, Mr. and Mrs. Willet commenced making preparation for retiring to the village of H—— for the summer.

“I think,” said his wife, “you had better invite Mr. Salter to dine with us to-morrow, as he has not been here for a number of weeks. He was not at church yesterday; perhaps he is sick. He is seldom absent on the Sabbath.”

“I will call at his office, and ascertain,” said her husband.

On returning that evening, Mr. Willet informed his wife that Mr. Salter was out of town. He left very unexpectedly, Saturday evening, for New York City. A person suspected as being the murderer of his brother had been arrested, and his trial will commence to-morrow, and Mr. Salter was obliged to be present.

Mrs. Willet rose from her chair in an instant, and going to the library, unlocked the little drawer in her father's secretary, and brought it, with its contents, to her husband.

He read the letter written by her mother, and examined the buttons.



"Now is your time to act," he said, "if you would save an innocent person from death. Not a moment was lost; and with the first train in the morning, they left for New York. When they arrived at the hall of justice the jury were being sworn.

Mr. Willet immediately requested an interview with the prisoner's counsel. He ascertained that the cause of the prisoner being suspected was this:

About two weeks previous, a watch was left at a jeweler's to be cleaned. As soon as it came into the watchmaker's hands, he remarked to one of his apprentices, "that it looked familiar." He knew he had sold the watch, but he could not recollect the purchaser.

On proceeding to clean and examine the watch, he ascertained the mainspring was broken. On removing the broken spring, he found upon the inside of the drum the initials, "T. G. S." He knew in an instant that the watch had belonged to Thomas Salter, and recollected marking it himself. He had an officer ready, and when the man returned for the watch, he was taken prisoner on suspicion of being the murderer. In vain he affirmed he had bought the watch two years previous at a broker's office, in vain he asserted he was a member in good standing of an Evangelical Church; nothing would satisfy the demands of justice but blood, and he was taken to trial.

Mr. Willet conversed with the prisoner's counsel a few minutes, and they all proceeded to the courtroom.



The lawyer for the defense then stated that "additional evidence had just been received in regard to the murder, by which he expected to be able to prove that the murder was committed by another person than the prisoner at the bar,—by one who had expiated other crimes upon the gallows, and gone to his account."

An intense excitement prevailed throughout the court-room as Mrs. Willet proceeded to take the oath, "to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth."

She then stated the particulars respecting the buttons, the discovery of the first one by herself, and the subsequent unearthing of the others by her late father. The letter written by her mother was then read, after which Bridget Farley testified to having seen ten buttons like those upon Alton's dressing-table one morning in the same month the murder was committed.

This evidence had great weight, still the lawyer for the State continued to argue that the prisoner at the bar might have been an accomplice, and consequently retained the watch.

At this juncture a man made his way through the crowded court-room, and whispered to the clerk, who communicated the intelligence to the judge.

"Let him be sworn," said the judge.

After taking the oath, he proceeded to state that he was present when the murder was committed; he acted in the capacity of servant in the saloon of Alton and Jones. The blow that killed Thomas



Salter was struck by George Alton. Jones and Alton had ascertained in some way that Mr. Salter had a large sum of money upon his person, and enticed him into the saloon on the pretense that his father, from Pennsylvania, had been badly injured in the street by a runaway horse, and had been carried in there. The servant was standing at the opposite side of the saloon, when the party entered. As soon as Salter stepped into the room, Alton took a hatchet, which was used in splitting kindling wood, and struck him upon the back of the head with the sharp edge. The man fell, lifeless, and the blows were repeated until his head was literally cut to pieces. The money was divided between the two. Jones took the watch and Alton the clothes. The witness overheard a conversation between the two, subsequently, in which Alton told Jones he had secreted the clothes under a flagstone, but where, he never knew.

Bridget was then re-called to the stand, and testified to having seen Alton enter the house on C—— street, with a large bundle under his arm, and noticing the sleeve of a man's coat hanging from it, but it was too dark to discern the color.

An officer was at once dispatched to Massachusetts to examine the house on C—— street, and the trial was postponed until his return.

The third day the trial was resumed, the search having resulted in the discovery of the entire suit of clothes worn by Thomas Salter on the day of his murder. They were found beneath the flag-



stone, in front of the grate, in the chamber Alton occupied while stopping with Mr. Gelding.

The evidence was conclusive, and the prisoner was acquitted.

As Mr. Willet was leaving the court-house, the man who had been the principal witness in the case touched his arm.

"I wish to inquire," said he, "if you are acquainted with one William Wallace Watts?"

"I have recently had the pleasure of making his acquaintance."

"I have during the past week received information that, by inquiring of you, I could ascertain his whereabouts," said the man.

"What name, if you please?"

"My name is Mansfield."

"Is it possible? Mrs. Willet," he said, turning to his wife, "here is a pleasant surprise for our young friend on his return. The lost is found."

They had not noticed the name during the trial, and were taken completely by surprise. They informed him of his grandson's brilliant prospects, of the sailing of his vessel, and expected return in about a month.

The old man was overjoyed, and thanked Mr. Willet again and again for the interest he had taken in his welfare.

The gratitude of the released prisoner was deep and heartfelt. He took their hands in his, and, choking with emotion, exclaimed, "God bless you! Oh! may God bless you, for none other is able to do it, as you deserve."



Mrs. Willet remarked, "they had simply obeyed the command, 'To do unto others as they would others should do unto them,' and in return thanked God for giving her the means of benefiting others."

A gentleman was heard to remark, as they left the court-room, that "the finest specimens of God's nobility he ever saw, were those two witnesses from Massachusetts."



## CHAPTER LI.

ONE week later, Mr. and Mrs. Willet retired to their delightful home in H——. Their elegant flower gardens and shrubbery grounds were budding with life, and a number of early plants and shrubs were already in bloom. About the close of the month, preparations were going on at the villa, to receive guests from the city. All was life and animation. The first train of cars was expected over a newly completed railroad. Just before the time set for the cars to arrive, the elegant family carriage of Mr. Willet drew up in front of the depot, and a few minutes after, the steam whistle signaled their approach. The train was hailed by the continued cheers and enthusiasm of the town's people.

"There they are," said Mrs. Willet; and the next moment, they were greeting Capt. Watts, and son, James Salter, and his father, who happened to be in Massachusetts, and took this opportunity of visiting the daughter of his old friend Gelding.

That was a week of solid enjoyment to all at the villa. Numerous presents were brought to Mrs. Willet, (for where was there ever a sailor without a generous heart?) and among them, two parrots and



a fan of exquisite workmanship, from the sailor that Bill joked, as being pretty badly shattered by Mrs. Willet's appearance, on the day the ship sailed from the United States.

As they were all seated in the circular vestibule that evening, in the twilight, Mr. Willet inquired if "Sir William Wallace, of the *Ellen Alton*, would favor them with the history of his grandfather's mode of life and place of abode, while he was missing from England."

"With pleasure," said Wallace; and he proceeded to state the facts in the case, which were as follows:

The cause of his sudden departure from the English coast, was, as he had supposed, from having seen Jones. He put out to sea that very night, in an open boat. After drifting around for three days and three nights, he was picked up by an American vessel, and brought to the United States.

He proceeded at once to Vermont, and took possession of his old hut in the Green Mountains. After living here about a month, he found the land in that vicinity was being cleared. The sound of the axe was frequently heard in the day-time, and huge fires roared and crackled at night. His fears of discovery finally overcame him, and he left one morning, *en route* for Canada. Here he remained, working for a farmer, until one week previous to the trial in New York, respecting the murder of Thomas Salter.

At this time, the farmer borrowed some papers of a neighbor to read, and among them was one



from Massachusetts. As the old farmer was reading, he suddenly exclaimed, "What's this, Mansfield, what's this?"

Mansfield said he felt the blood growing cold in his veins; he thought Jones was on his track again.

"Well," said he, as calmly as he could, "what is it, sir?" And the farmer read the following advertisement:

"If James Mansfield is living, he can hear of something to his advantage, by inquiring at the house No. 37 C—— street," (naming the city in Massachusetts.) Signed

"WILLIAM WALLACE WATTS."

"There's a fortin left ye, I'll bet," said the farmer. "I wish to goodness I'd been born in the old country, there's no end to their money."

Mansfield knew in an instant that Jones must be dead or imprisoned, or Wallace would not have exposed himself in this way. He started the next morning for Massachusetts, the old farmer calling after him, "I expect ye'll forgit us, when ye git down below." "No, I wont," he said; and traveled on."

He arrived at Mr. Willet's soon after they had left for New York, and Eliza told him the particulars, in answer to his inquiries. From thence he proceeded to New York, and took part in the trial, as has been already stated.

"I think," said Mr. Willet, "that your grandfather's life for the last few years, has been one of perpetual motion."



“Yes,” said Wallace, but his troubles are over. He prefers the sea to the land, and his home will be on board my ship. I intend to do everything for his comfort that it is possible to do.”

After spending a week with their dear friends at H——, the company returned to the city, with the promise that the Willets would sail with them to England, one year from that spring, and thence make the tour of Europe.

That summer was one of great prosperity to the people of H——. Business flourished; the church flourished; meetings of all kinds were well attended; buildings were rapidly going up; various manufactories were in active operation; and the inhabitants were looking forward to the time, not far distant, when their beautiful village should become a flourishing city.



## CHAPTER LII.

ONE day, about the middle of June, as Mr. Willet was trimming his shrubbery, with the gardener, he was joined by Mrs. Willet. She came forward, twirling a rose in her fingers, apparently in deep thought.

Mr. Willet knew in an instant that she had a request to make, and without waiting for her to commence the subject, he smilingly asked—

“Well, what is it?”

She replied, that she had been thinking of her oft-repeated remark, that “she would not visit a foreign country until she had made the acquaintance of her own.”

“Well,” said he, “there is nothing to prevent you from making the tour of the United States as thoroughly as you please.”

“Would you enjoy it?” she asked.

“Certainly, if you would; I have long wished to see the beautiful West, and if you can be ready for the journey in one week, we can be there in season to see the harvest.”

“Oh, I should enjoy it so much,” she said. Promptness was her ruling passion; her wardrobe was so abundantly furnished, that in one week,



everything was ready for a four months' journey. On the Monday following, they commenced their tour; and as her letters were of an interesting descriptive character, we will insert a few, written to friends in H——, and her native city. Her first letter was written to Mr. Willet's mother, dated July 1st, and was as follows:

PEORIA, ILL., July 1st, 18—.

DEAR MOTHER:

This is the first time in a number of years, I have had the pleasure of commencing a letter Dear Mother. How vividly it brings to my mind that dear sainted parent, but my heart swells with gratitude to God, for having given me another who is very dear, and who occupies a place in my heart next my husband.

We are both well, and enjoying the beautiful West to its fullest extent.

Oh, how sweetly New England smiled her adieu on that delightful morning we left H——. After taking leave of the dear friends who accompanied us to the cars, we started emphatically for parts unknown.

At W—— we changed cars. Nothing worthy of note occurred on the route, except the finding of a poor inebriate by the conductor, who had been nicely stowed away under one of the seats by his traveling friend. After much bluster, and a great deal of talk to no effect, he was forcibly taken from the car, and placed upon the sidewalk, from which



place he was very unceremoniously dragged by his companion.

At this station we took the express train for Albany, and during the ride we were entertained by four young gentlemen on the opposite side of the car, who had started for Iowa. They had evidently determined upon a good time, and wished all the passengers to enjoy it with them. A log thrown across a rivulet was converted by them into the Suspension Bridge, and every little cascade a foot high, was the Falls of Niagara.

Early in the evening we arrived at Greenbush, a town lying on the east side of the Hudson. A steamer carried us across, and landed us safely at Albany, where we were entertained in fine style at the Delavan House.

The next morning, we took the lightning train for Niagara. After moving slowly through several streets in the city of Albany, we emerged into the open country, and during that day, I had no reason to doubt the existence of a lightning train of cars.

The day was one of unusual beauty, calm, sunny and exhilarating. We rode for miles with the Mohawk river on one side, and huge bluffs of rock on the other, passing directly over Genesee Falls, and arrived at Niagara at twelve o'clock, midnight.

After stopping at several hotels, and finding them completely filled with travelers, we finally succeeded in securing a room at the Mont Eagle, an elegant hotel, built of stone, (I think) resembling in outward appearance, an English cathedral.

After ascending nearly to the dome of the build-



ing, we were soon lulled to sleep by the rushing and tumbling of the mighty cataract.

As soon as it was light the next morning, I sprang from my bed and drew up the curtain, and lo, and behold! the Falls of Niagara and the Suspension Bridge were in full view from my window.

The face of the country in this place seemed to be sandy and barren, with numerous ledges of rock.

Early in the day we entered the English cars, and crossed the Suspension Bridge. The only occupant of the car beside ourselves, was a young gentleman from Africa, of ebony hue, which incident told me plainly, I was no longer in the United States of America.

The first thing that attracted my attention on the Canada side, was the signs bearing the inscriptions "Lord Elgin House," "British Foundry," "Queen's Hotel," etc.

Whether on the principle of the parents having eaten sour grapes, the children's teeth were set on edge, or from the fact of being a native of the city of Boston, I know not, but from an early age, in connection with England, visions of tea parties, stamped paper and the like, would invariably flit through my mind. I am very happy, therefore, to say, that a ride through Canada served to dispel many of these phantoms.

I was particularly pleased with the quiet, unobtrusive manner in which affairs were conducted on board the cars. I never saw such a contrast as that existing between the brothers John and Jonathan.



I could not help comparing them, in my own mind, to a lightning train and an elephant team. One, with his nerves excited to their utmost tension, and the other formed, so to speak, without nerves, perfectly calm and quiet. Take an illustration. On our car, was a live Yankee from the State of Connecticut, holding in his hand (of course) a patent nutmeg grater. As the English conductor entered the car for the tickets, our Yankee stepped in front of him, turning the crank of the crater, and whistling, to the best of his ability, Yankee Doodle.

I expected the next moment he would be lying in the center of some adjacent farm. But no ; the insult was received in the same calm, quiet manner which characterized all their movements, without apparently recognizing either the tune, or its associations.

We were favored during this day's ride, with fine views of Lakes Huron and Ontario. Niagara is grand, majestic in the extreme, but for calm, deep, soul-inspiring beauty, give me Lake Ontario.

Here were tangible geography lessons, not to be misunderstood.

Early in the evening we arrived at the Detroit river, and were carried across in a steamer, supper being served at the same time. We were safely landed at Detroit, and taking the night train, were soon whizzing along the iron track, through the State of Michigan.

Daylight brought to our view large tracks of level land, backed by heavy timber. In some sections, hundreds of acres were covered with water,



and in one instance, a farmer was rowing over his farm in a boat, in search of his fence.

We had a fine view of Lake Michigan, and at noon, arrived at Chicago, Illinois. Our attention was immediately attracted by the contrast in the soil of the two States; the last land we saw in Michigan was deep sand, the first in Illinois, a blue black loam.

We stopped in this Young America a part of two days; and breathing the dark, unwholesome air, we must say, caused ghostly images of fever and ague to fill our minds with gloomy forebodings; and we were glad to enter the cars on the Rock Island road, for Bureau Junction.

The cars were crowded nearly to suffocation. One family consisted of a man and his wife, and ten children. They occupied seats the opposite side of the car. One of the younger members crying lustily for a cracker, an older sister informed her, "she would give her one, side of her head."

Near them was a Dutchman, bearing evident marks of intoxication, but which he affirmed was caused by "not having got much *resht*" the night previous.

At noon we reached Bureau Junction, and changed cars for Peoria.

Soon after being seated, an elderly lady entered the car, and inquired "if these cars were going to Peoria?"

I answered in the affirmative.

"Where are you from?" she asked.

I told her, Massachusetts.



“Well,” said she, “then I will take your word. I have been the whole length of the train, and could not find out. I was born in New England, and hope I shall die there.”

We entered the beautiful city of Peoria just before sunset. A funeral procession was going out, on our right, with its black hearse and nodding plumes, which again reminded us of sundry notices commencing—“Died of fever and ague,” &c.

We stopped at the Peoria House, where the kind and attentive manner in which we were received, caused us to feel entirely at home.



## CHAPTER LIII.

N——, August 1st, 18—.

DEAR MRS. L——:

Here I am, in a country village in Kentucky. We remained in Illinois long enough to witness harvesting as it is done at the West. It was on a magnificent scale, I can assure you, compared with eastern operations.

The country is beautiful; everything looks prosperous; but, I am sorry to say, gambling is carried on here to an unlimited extent. There seems to be a perfect frenzy for gaming of some kind.

The customs of the people are entirely different from those of the Eastern States. I went into a large dry goods shop, in the State of Illinois, with the intention of making some purchases. On entering, a view met my eyes which I would have thought impossible in an establishment of that kind, had I not been an eye witness of the scene. Both counters were covered with men; some lying down, others sitting. The proprietor was playing a violin; another was playing an accordeon; two were playing checkers; two sticking pins in a board,—a sort of game played in the West; one



was singing Old Hundred ; and one, minus his boots, was dancing ; and nearly all were smoking.

I think I never knew the feeling of disgust, to its fullest extent, until that moment. As I turned to the door, the proprietor jumped up, and inquired, "What kind of goods would you like to look at?"

I told him not any kind.

"Why not?" said he.

I said I thought it was no place for a lady to trade.

"Do n't mind anything about these fellers," said he ; "they will jest be hanging 'round, anyhow ; they must be some place."

On returning to the hotel, I inquired if the family traded at that shop.

"Oh, yes," said the landlady ; "it is the largest store in town. The storekeeper is a very nice man, member of a church in this village ; very pious, I expect, though he is usually on the road during the Sabbath, instead of being at church ; but then you know Sabbaths west are not Sabbaths east. Now, I was brought up in Connecticut. My father would never let me go to a neighbors on the Sabbath no more than he would let me go to a ball ; but, law ! out here, folks jest make the most of their visits on the Sabbath."

I inquired if she was a professor of religion.

"Well, I was, East," she said ; "and when I came out here, I brought a letter to join with, but I never thought of it for more than a year. About two years after I got here, there was a great revival ;



'peared like everybody was gittin' converted; and I thought to myself, I would join with the crowd. I went to my trunk to look for my letter, and *the plaguey mice had jest chawed it up*. So that was the last of my religion. There's no use trying to have anything here, no way, there's so many rats."

I asked her if she did not consider the command, "Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy," just as binding west as east.

"Well, I s'pose so, if you are going into the depths of the thing; but you know we are commanded when we are among the Romans to do as the Romans do, and it is a heap easier than to be so strict about everything."

"But," said I, "God will hold you accountable at the day of judgment for the manner in which you spend your Sabbaths. He is 'the same, yesterday, to-day, and forever,'—'no variableness or shadow of turning;' if you have professed religion, you have taken upon yourself solemn vows, not to be conformed to this world, but to live to the honor and glory of God, who has suffered and died for you. Your soul may be required of you any day, and do you feel, under present circumstances, that you could render up your account with joy, feeling you had been faithful in the discharge of Christian duty, or feeling you had even a Christian's hope?"

"Why, I think," said the woman, "that if the rest, who profess religion in town, go to Heaven, I shall, for I do n't begin to tear round Sundays like they do; I jest stay at home and cook, and mind



my own business ; I am obliged to ; folks eat here like so many dogs. Why, when I lived East, my father never laid in but two hogs, and here we lay in twenty-five for our tavern, and we don't have company half of the time either ; what with the rats and dogs, 'pears like that don't half do us. Les see,—what was we talking about ? Oh, religion ; well, you see, you are jest from the East, and are ignorant of western ways ; why, la sakes, ministers aint so particular here as they are East. Now, last summer everybody and everything run to pic-nics. One elder in this town was having a protracted meeting. Well, he exhorted his members to avoid all pic-nics, while the meetings lasted. I thought, thinks I, if you stick to that text, you will do better than you ever did before, but I said nothing. Well, before the meetings closed, the young folks, to give him a try, invited him to one of their pic-nics. Well, he went, and took all his family, and even asked one of the members if he had n't better dismiss the meeting. One of the deacons at him about it. The elder said, 'This pic-nic is different from common pic-nics.' Old Deacon Shaw said, he guessed the difference lay in the pastor having an invitation to this one, and not the others. But I never thought so ; I always supposed the difference lay in their having ring plays. But, then, our elder is a good man ; he never meddles with me, in any way, and I think such a man as that ought to be supported ; he gives nobody no trouble."

At this juncture the stage arrived, and I was



obliged to leave, with a weight pressing at my heart. I have reason to believe there is a great deal of truth in that woman's remarks. I asked myself, "Is this the way religious affairs are conducted in some parts of the West? Does it not become us to ascertain to what advantage our home mission money is expended?"

In my opinion more solidity of character, more experience, more actual knowledge of the human heart, and of the world, is required West than East. Everything West tends to instability; everything progresses so fast, that a love of change has been acquired to such a degree that no one thing will satisfy the mind for any length of time. Hence, I think, arises a great deal of the inconsistency of professed Christians. I think the East, like an elder sister, should look to the wants of the West practically, and drop the erroneous idea that anything will do for the West.

Let an uneducated, inexperienced, young minister come West, and an intelligent congregation stares him in the face;—not western people, but representatives from every State in the Union, and some of them highly educated. Will they sit down calmly and listen to the childlike compositions of an uneducated boy? Certainly not. On the contrary, through disgust, they in a short time cease attending church altogether, in preference to dabbling in such shallow, muddy water. I am happy to say, that in Illinois great effort is being made to secure the education of ministers. I intend, if possible, to assist them in this most worthy object.



## CHAPTER LIV.

THE next letter was written in the month of October, to a friend in her native city.

DEAR MRS. C——:

I am enjoying a view of the most magnificent scenery in the United States,—I mean the passage of the Potomac, through the blue ridge of mountains in Virginia.

Yesterday, we stood upon a high point of land. On our right, came the Shenandoah river, and on our left, the Potomac, both tending to one point, each seeming eager to make the passage first; as they unite, they pass off to the sea, oh, so nobly! What scenery! Mountains of rock on either side, ragged and overhanging.

Virginia abounds in superb natural scenery. I do not expect to find my own country surpassed by Europe. Each State has its peculiar beauties, but the grandeur of Virginia scenery near Harper's Ferry, surpasses anything I have seen yet, taken as a whole.

What a Being the designer must be, if a view of one minute part of his creation will fill the immortal soul with such rapturous emotions. I do not



believe it possible for a man to stand here and really doubt the existence of a God. The idea is absurd.

We have made the tour of the Southern States, and now intend passing through Pennsylvania home.

Our journey has been delightful. The whole country is beautiful—a glorious Union. So young and yet so mature. Everything is full of life, and looks so flourishing. It seems like one great family, some of its members doing one kind of work, and some another, and all tending to enrich the homestead.

I shall not write again, but shall expect a visit from you on my return. I will then give you a minute description of my journey.



## CHAPTER LV.

THE second day after this letter was written, as Mr. and Mrs. Willet were riding on horseback in a remote part of the State, they were overtaken by a violent thunder storm. As the thunder reverberated among the mountains, and the lightning became more and more vivid, and the way more intricate, Mrs. Willet became dizzy, and was unable to sit her horse.

On turning a sharp corner in the mountains, they came upon a one-story house. Everything around it denoted poverty, but it was perfectly neat. The covering of the house was of rough boards, matched and whitewashed, literally overhung with vines. A small front yard was filled with shrubbery, some in full bloom, and others had flourished at an earlier period.

Two kittens were having a high frolic, by jumping upon a miniature arbor, thence into the vines, and after chasing each other up various shrubs, would start upon a foot-race round the yard, into the house and out again, the performance ending by taking a nap together upon a bed of violets, familiarly known as *Ladies' Delights*.

As Mr. Willet secured the horses to the fence,



the rain commenced falling in torrents; and the lightning, followed by its report in quick succession, was terrific.

They had not been observed at the house, and the first intimation of any one being near, was a hurried knock upon the door. It was immediately answered by a lady, apparently fifty years of age, dressed in a mourning calico dress; her hair was in long curls, reaching to her waist, and perfectly white, lending an unearthly shade to her otherwise pleasing countenance.

“Can we stop here until the storm abates?” Mr. Willet inquired.

“Certainly,” said the lady, “and as much longer as you please. I am very happy to have company in such a storm as this; it usually affects my nerves unpleasantly.”

They were not surprised to find the house perfectly neat inside, but they were astonished at the richness of the furniture. It was a style which had been the height of fashion, twenty years previous, —carved mahogany of the richest manufacture, inlaid tables of foreign importation, carpets of European manufacture,—in short, everything in the house bespeaking an expenditure of money in lavish profusion.

“I live here alone,” said the lady, “and have no one to wait upon you, but if you will take your horses to the rear of the house, you will find a shelter for them from the storm.”

Mrs. Willet was soon engaged in conversation with her hostess, and both were deeply interested.



The language and deportment of the old lady, proved her to be a person of good education. The sadly sweet tone of her voice touched the heart of Mrs. Willet, and she felt assured that some heart-rending trial had caused her estrangement from society, and the premature fading of one who must once have been an unusually beautiful woman.

The storm increased rather than diminished. It was past noon, and the lady informed them it was not unusual for a storm like that to continue until the next day, and kindly urged them to stop with her. They were several miles from the village, and as it seemed impossible to return under present circumstances, they thankfully accepted her friendly invitation.

While the lady was out preparing dinner for them, Mrs. Willet took up a large miniature case, which was lying upon the center table. It contained the pictures of three persons—a gentleman, lady and little boy, apparently eight years of age. There was something familiar about the face of each, yet not sufficiently plain for her to recognize its origin. What could it mean? She knew by the features, and the manner in which the hair was worn, that the pictured lady was a representation of what her hostess had once been; but further than that, she was unable to explain the familiar looks.

“What a perfect seclusion your residence is,” said Mrs. Willet, as they were sitting together after dinner. “I did not imagine we were near a habitation until we turned that abrupt corner, and came immediately upon your house.”



"Yes," said the lady, "I selected this spot for its retirement, some three years ago, in order to hide my broken heart from the eyes of an unfeeling world."

"I was confident you must have experienced some great sorrow, from the appearance of your hair. I never saw its equal."

"Oh, yes," said the woman, "my hair turned from a dark brown to white, in one short month, so great was my distress of mind. I then had no hope in the Saviour—nothing to sustain me, and I only wonder my reason remained. You look like a happy woman," she continued. "I should judge there was perfect confidence between yourself and your husband; if so, thank God. It is the greatest gift that could be bestowed upon you."

"I judged from these miniatures that you had a family," said Mrs. Willet.

"Oh, I did have, a happy family. Oh, how happy we were—myself, my husband and child; a happier creature never lived in the city of New Orleans, than I was, the first ten years of my marriage. My husband was all attention, and I had perfect confidence in his love; but in an evil hour, he became acquainted with a young man, who led him carefully and by degrees into the vice of gambling, and from that he plunged headlong into vice of every kind. My father left me a large property, and before I ascertained the cause, my husband had lost the greater part of it.

"When I was made acquainted with the facts in the case, by a relative, I kindly and tenderly ex-



postulated with him, but his nature seemed entirely changed, and when I refused him the remainder of my property, he actually left me. I thought my poor heart was nearly crushed; but we cannot know the amount of suffering the heart can bear, until the test is applied. In about a year, he took my child, my beautiful boy. Still I lived on. I thought, when he had tried the world sufficiently, he would turn to the wife of his youth, to a heart that had never wandered from him in thought, word or deed; but I was unsophisticated. I did not imagine the depths of depravity the human heart is capable of.

“Five years ago, with all my trouble, I had not a gray hair. I kept it continually in curl, as he had always seen me wear it, in the vain hope that some day he would come back to me. But, alas! for human speculation. Five years ago next November, I received a book by mail, in pamphlet form; I opened it, without the least suspicion of anything but friendship. Judge then, so far as it is possible for you to do without experience, the anguish that rent my heart, when the title page met my eye, announcing in large letters, the trial, conviction and execution of my own dear child, for murder in the first degree. God only knows what I suffered; God only is capable of knowing the unfathomed depths of the human heart.

“It was a full week before I looked in the glass, or thought of it,—*I* who had never failed of arranging my hair three times a day. A number of ladies were in the room at the time, and as I



chanced to raise my eyes, while standing directly in front of the mirror, I saw the reflection of my own face. It was a stranger to me. I thought some one had entered unobserved. I turned to the company, not having the first thought it was myself.

“ ‘Where,’ said I, ‘is that gray-headed lady I just saw standing here?’ ”

They thought my reason had fled.

“ ‘There is no one here but us,’ they said.

“ ‘Why, there *was*, not a minute ago; I saw her in the glass;’ and turning again to the mirror, I encountered that same face.

“ ‘Look here,’ said I, ‘you can see for yourselves.’ ”

A lady stepped forward, and placing her hand upon my head, said she saw no face but hers and my own. Taking a handful of my curls in her hand, she held them before my eyes.

“ ‘See,’ said she, ‘do you not recognize your own hair?’ ”

“The truth flashed through my mind, and I sunk to the floor, not senseless, but helpless as a child.

“My hair, which one week previous, was a glossy brown, was as gray as it would naturally be at seventy years of age; and in one month from the day I saw that book, my hair was as white as you see it now. Oh, how I prayed for death. In an agony of spirit, I begged the God of Heaven to take me out of the world, and let me share the misery of the world of woe with my son.



But he had too much mercy, too much grace to hear my prayer and answer it as I desired; instead of it, he brought me to a knowledge of his truth, experimentally, and my bruised and broken heart was bound up. 'He gave me beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness.'

"I relate the sad realities of my life to all young people I meet, as a warning; and the wreck of my former self stands like a light-house, in bold relief, upon the sea of life, to designate the fatal rocks on which the young may founder, with their precious freight of hopes, for time and eternity."



## CHAPTER LVI.

“YOUR sorrows have been deep and peculiarly distressing,” said Mrs. Willet, “and I sympathize with you with my whole heart. I think the worst feature in the drama, the most fiendish spirit manifested toward you, was in sending you that book. It was perfectly inhuman.”

“I expect it was sent by my once idolized husband, as his name, written in his own handwriting, was upon a fly-leaf.”

Taking a key from her bosom, she unlocked a small box of exquisite workmanship, which stood upon the center-table, which had been the first gift of her husband, and took from it that book, which was his last gift, and passed it to Mrs. Willet.

Judge of her feelings, in the presence of that worse than widowed mother, on reading upon the title page, “The Trial and Execution of George Alton, for the murder of Charles Atherton,” and on turning to the next page to hide her emotion, a full length picture of the last scene met her eyes: a person in the act of holding away his long curls for the sheriff to adjust the rope. She was so indignant she could scarcely conceal her feelings. Rising hastily, she gave the book to her husband.



A smothered groan escaped his lips as he took the first look.

“Can it be possible that love can be turned to a hatred like this, and vent itself by wounding the feelings of a once dearly loved friend past all cure? I can only exclaim, in the language of Scripture, ‘Vengeance is mine. I will repay, saith the Lord.’ ‘Be still, and know that I am God.’ For so sure as there is a God in Heaven this thing will not go unpunished.”

Neither Mr. or Mrs. Willet would, on any account, have Mrs. Alton know what they knew of the wretched life of her unworthy son.

“I believe,” said Mrs. Alton, “that it is not in the power of a human being to cause me any more suffering of this kind. I have not a relative on earth that I know of, and I never intend to set my affections on anything earthly again. I am striving to wait patiently my appointed time, till my change come.”

“I know,” said Mrs. Willet, “this is the usual and natural feeling of the heart in a case like yours; but do not judge the world by the small portion with which you have come in contact. You recollect the prophet Elijah, when ill-treated by the world, fled from all society, and secreted himself in a lonely place. He felt that every one was against him. But he was a man of too much talent, one who would be the means of doing too much good, to be allowed to remain in this seclusion, and God himself, even Jehovah, spoke to him. ‘What doest thou here, Elijah?’ His answer expressed



the discouragement and bitterness of his soul: 'Lord, they have slain Thy prophets, and digged down Thy altars. I only am left, and they seek my life.' But what said God? 'Go forth and stand upon the mount before the Lord.' 'And he went forth, and stood upon the mount. And a strong wind rent the mountain, and the rocks brake in pieces. But the Lord was not in the wind;' neither in the earthquake which followed, nor in the fire, but in that *still small voice* which spoke to his conscience. 'Go, return on thy way to the wilderness of Damascus, for I have seven thousand left me, in Israel, who have not bowed the knee to Baal.'

"And in your case, allow me to say, you have too much talent, too much experience, that will enable you to speak and act conscientiously, and from the heart, to bury yourself in this way. Perhaps God made use of this very scourge to bring you to a knowledge of His truth, as you trust He has, that you might work in His vineyard in this peculiar way. 'Ye are not your own, but are bought with a price, even the precious blood of Christ.' And should we not render our bodies a living sacrifice, after He has sacrificed His own body on the cross for us?"

"My daughter," said Mrs. Alton, "I never had a thought that God had a demand upon me in this way. I thought His requirements of me were in suffering, and I thought I had fulfilled that to its fullest extent. I have not heard as much conversation upon the subject of religion since I



experienced it. I feel that I am perfectly ignorant of the requirements of the Gospel. If there is anything I can do for the cause of Christ, anything for the amelioration of the sufferings of the human family, body or soul, I am ready, with my time, strength and property, to do all that I can."

Mrs. Willet took from her card case a copy of the pledge, introduced on board the Ellen Alton some months previous.

Mrs. Alton read it thoughtfully.

"That view of the case," she said, at length, "never presented itself to my mind. The nursery in my house in New Orleans was literally filled with those miniature games, and to this day I had never thought that I assisted in laying the foundation of my own ruined hopes. God help me! I fear it is even so——even so," she repeated, thoughtfully. "I fear it is the truth."

"Would you not be willing," said Mrs. Willet, "to make an effort to awaken in the minds of professed Christians a sense of their duty in this thing?"

"I am willing to start at once and do all in my power," she answered; "and may God give me wisdom, and understanding, to discharge my duty faithfully. I feel that it would be something to live for."

"If you would feel interested to use the pledge, you can take this copy. I have nearly two hundred names upon the one I left at home. I will give you my address, and if you will write me occasionally what progress you make, I shall be happy to communicate to you my own success."



## CHAPTER LVII.

THE next morning the sun rose, bright and clear, and, after taking breakfast and bidding Mrs. Alton an affectionate farewell, they set out on their return to the village whence they had taken their horses.

After turning the corner from Mrs. Alton's house, Mr. Willet remarked to his wife that he never saw a more striking exemplification of the adage, "truth is stranger than fiction," than their meeting with Mrs. Alton. "I think, in eternity, we shall see a connecting link between this journey and future good."

"In my opinion," returned his wife, "the vital principle of religion, 'love to God, and love to man,' is exercised but very little; while love to self seems to be a predominant trait in the human character. As we have been traveling through these Southern States, and have noticed how rapidly work progresses upon the plantations where there are so many servants, my mind involuntarily turned to the advancement of work in the vineyard of the Lord, and the view was a sad one. Numerous disagreeable, poisonous weeds growing all over the vineyard; some trees barren, others going to decay; the hedge in many places broken



down, inviting any stray animal to enter at pleasure; some plants from the precious seed have sprung up, outside the fold, but for want of transplantation have remained there, and been broused and cropped until nothing but the root remains, and should they be transplanted even now, they will, in consequence of former neglect, always show a stunted growth. Now, God has plenty of servants, if they would but work, to keep the vineyard in perfect order. Sometimes it is the case in a large church, the only real worker will be the pastor, and the result of the labor of one individual is difficult to be seen where the labor of hundreds is required. It seems to me there must be a fearful reckoning for misimproved time in that last great day of account."

"There will undoubtedly be," said Mr. Willet, "not only of misimproved time, but talents also. I think there are more buried than improved talents on the earth."

The next morning our travelers took the stage for the North.

In passing through the State of Pennsylvania, they stopped, at the close of a very rainy day, at a small country tavern, to spend the night. The house was kept by a middle-aged couple; no other occupants.

The proprietor was in raptures on learning that he was entertaining a couple from Massachusetts.

"He had hearn tell of that place," he said; "they raised heaps of cotton there; he had hearn his father tell, a mighty many times, of the



squirmish them fellers had with the Britishers ;” and said he, “for all the red-coats come right into their towns to fight ’em, father said they turned right round afterwards, and made a great party, and made tea for ’em all, and the teapot was so large it took the Atlantic Ocean to fill it.”

“I should think the tea must have been powerful weak, if they put all that water in,” said his wife.

“Let me see,” said the man, “Constantinople is the capital of your State, I believe.”

“Why, John,” said his wife, “don’t expose your ignorance in that way ; Constantinople is the capital of the United States. Jerusalem is the capital of Massachusetts. You see,” she continued, turning to Mrs. Willet, “John never studied grammar, and he do n’t know.”

Mrs. Willet soon after retired to her room, and was spared any further information from her hostess.

Early the next morning they proceeded on their journey, and in one week arrived at their dearly-loved home, in the village of H——, and were warmly welcomed by numerous dear friends.

A succession of parties were given in honor of their return ; and the week previous to their leaving town for their city home, they gave a brilliant levee to which all were invited.

Soon after arriving in the city, Mrs. Willet received a letter from Wallace announcing the death of his grandfather. He died of fever on ship-board, and was buried at sea, according to his



request. The *Ellen Alton* would return to the United States early in the spring; and he closed, by reminding Mrs. Willet of her promise to sail with them the next summer.

A postscript read thus: "Bill wishes to be remembered to *that woman*. And the donor of the parrots and fan is racking his brain to devise some extra affair for the next voyage, in honor of our expected lady passenger."

"And I think," said Mr. Willet, when she had finished reading the letter, "that the best thing I can do for that ship's company is to present them with a well-selected library of ample dimensions."

"An excellent idea," said his wife.

"'As a man thinketh, so is he,' is a proverb of rich truth; and I think, in many instances, as a man readeth, so is he. How visibly will the kind of reading pursued present itself in the conversation of the reader. In my opinion, readers and thinkers form the soul of a nation, and that soul has great power in suggesting and dictating the movements of the national body."



## CHAPTER LVIII.

THAT winter was one of unusual severity in Eastern Massachusetts,—cold, blustering, snowy. But such a season in the city is rather agreeable than otherwise. One can more fully appreciate the comforts and endearments of a pleasant home; and the contrast between a well-warmed, well-furnished library, and the stern realities of out-door life, is presented in bold relief, and serves, or should do so, to fill our hearts with gratitude for the many blessings with which our pathway through life is strewn.

Many of the suffering poor experienced the generous kindness of Mrs. Willet that winter. Many an emaciated hand clasped hers, in token of that gratitude of which Death forbade them the utterance. Many an orphan blessed the noble-looking lady who lived on C—— street, and that lady blessed the glorious Giver, for the means of benefiting others.

“Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these my disciples, ye have done it unto me,” said the Saviour. “A book of remembrance is kept, and they shall be mine in that day when I make up my jewels,” saith God. Is not this sufficient



encouragement for the Christian? What more is requisite?

The icy bands of Winter were at length loosed, under the dissolving influence of an early spring, and with the return of the New England robin, came the Ellen Alton. On the evening of her anchorage in Boston harbor, Wallace called on Mr. and Mrs. Willet, and informed them the ship would sail for England in three weeks.

Various preparations for the voyage were now in rapid progress by every one in the house. Bridget and Eliza determined to visit Ireland at the same time, and Lord Baltimore promised them a free passage.

The morning previous to the sailing of the ship, an elegant library case, containing a choice selection of books, was carried on board, and in the evening, a presentation took place, with appropriate services. The ship's crew were apprised of the expected present nearly a week previous, and every thing conducive to a pleasant entertainment was provided. Mr. Willet presented the library to the ship's company, addressing himself to the owner of the vessel in the following language:

"MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND—I have noticed with pleasure, again and again, the unity of feeling that apparently exists on board this ship.

"There is an old saying, 'like master, like man ;' I believe there is a great deal of truth in it. In nine cases out of ten, if the officers of a ship do



right, the men will invariably do the same. You tell me there has never been a blow struck on board your ship. May there never be one struck, not even at the flag staff.

“I am informed that daily religious services are held on board, and that gambling, intemperance, and profanity are prohibited. A model indeed for all to imitate who follow the sea.

“With this library, please accept the best wishes of my heart for you and yours. May each one of this crew be made wise unto salvation; that when you take your last long voyage, you may be enabled to outride the storms, anchor safely on Canaan’s shore, and find a happy home in the city of our God, that haven of eternal rest.”

The response was by Wallace, as follows:

“MY NOBLE FRIEND—On behalf of the ship’s company, I accept this precious gift, and return you the deep gratitude of every heart on board.

“If we are not what we should be, in every particular, individually and collectively, it cannot be for want of the tenderest sympathy manifested by our friends in this city. We have had not only your sympathy, but your generous kindness, your noble charity. May it prove to be the same ‘that scattereth and yet increaseth,’ and may you be rewarded a hundred fold. May we long enjoy each other’s society in this life, and when we leave the shores of time, may we be permitted to walk



together the golden streets of the new Jerusalem, and go no more out forever."

There were a large number of invited guests on board, who occupied one part of the deck, and at the other end stood the crew, dressed in white pants and the blue broadcloth sailor jacket.

The presentation took place between the two groups, at the close of which, Rev. Dr. S—— made some remarks, the foundation being the words, "How pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity." After this, their voices united in singing the old Union hymn :

"From whence doth this union arise?  
Each hatred is conquered by love;  
It fastens our souls in such ties,  
As distance and time can't remove.

"It cannot in Eden be found,  
Nor yet in a Paradise lost;  
It grows on Immanuel's ground,  
And Jesus' rich blood it did cost."

The services concluded, the company were invited, with the crew, into the cabin, where every luxury found in an eastern market was provided, and after the refreshments were served, the company dispersed.

The next morning, at ten o'clock, the Ellen Alton sailed out of the harbor, amid the booming of cannon, and the cheers of the crew, followed by the prayers and good wishes of numerous dear friends on shore.



## CONCLUSION.

CHRISTIAN PARENTS! To awaken in your minds, if possible, a deeper interest in the temporal and eternal welware of the rising generation, was this book written.

From the Atlantic to the Mississippi the country is deluged with the vice of gambling. All ages, classes, and conditions are drawn into it: and as the stream advances it receives new impetus, on the right hand and on the left, by numerous other vices which flow into it, adding weight, and darkening its hue until the current becomes so formidable that those who at first playfully dabbled in its waters, retreating at pleasure, are now borne rapidly along, utterly unable to extricate themselves; and a short way ahead, the stream empties, with all engulfed, into the sea of eternity, amid the darkness of despair, forever. Are you willing the children of your many prayers should be among the number? Will you aid and abet them by providing and instructing them in the first rudiments of this vice? You will have to meet those under your care, face to face, in the presence of God. How many of you will see the eyes of those loved boys turned upon you in intense agony



and despair, and therein read the censure they dare not express, for having sown the seed in their childhood, by providing miniature billiard tables, and various other games, thus forming in their young minds a taste which ultimately ends in the all-absorbing, soul-destroying vice of gambling!

By giving a child the sugar in the bottom of the glass, he acquires a taste for liquor: in like manner, by providing miniature games, a taste is acquired for the other vice.

I imagine it is wholly through thoughtlessness the deed has been done; but many a son of Christian parentage, who might have been a brilliant ornament in society,—whose natural and improved talents would easily have placed him at the head of the nation,—is now a loathsome, degraded being, through the mistaken kindness of indulgent Christian parents, who, if they could have seen the end from the beginning, would rather have bowed themselves in death, by far, than in any way have aided in the destruction of those precious, immortal souls.

Christian parents! Are you aware to what extent this vice is practiced? Do you know that your sons, in the very town in which you live, step boldly into the gambling saloon, and there practice, and those sons under age? To you, who are the professed followers of Jesus Christ, must the nation look for the first step in reform. Clear your parlors and nurseries of gambling-saloon furniture; honestly confess to your children your fatal mistake, and show them, by your example, your determi-



nation to live "a life in earnest." That is the game marked out by our great Leader, and the stakes are no less than immortal souls.

Some Christians will say, "I have no boys, and I am not afraid of my girls becoming gamblers." Do you not know if your daughters are brought up to see no harm in gaming, they will have no objection to the society of a gentleman who practices it? Would you be willing to marry your daughter to a George Alton? a Herbert Jones? a Charles Atherton even? Did you ever make the acquaintance of a gambler's wife, and note her sunken eye, pale cheek, and wrinkled brow, at the age of twenty, and then imagine it your own daughter? Oh, what heart-heaviness, painful suspense, earth-weariness, and longing for death, must inevitably fall to the lot of one who can place no dependence upon the husband of her choice. The fatal mistake of a lifetime! Sad, sad indeed!

Christian parents! Will you think of this? Will you look at it, in all its bearings?

Brothers in Christ, of all denominations! I have observed, with painful solicitude, for a number of years, the encouragement and participation this vice has received at your hands, particularly in the smaller games, both in public and private, and even by ministers of the Gospel. How can such an one so far forget the dignity of his calling, the character of Jesus Christ, whom he professes to represent, and his own character, as to



dabble in such shallow amusements;—shallow, indeed, of themselves, but their deadly influence is unfathomable.

In my opinion, if Peter had continued in the society of the disciples, or followed his Master within hailing distance, he would never have denied Him; but he was mingling in the society of the enemies of Jesus, when the denial and profanity took place. And is not this the case with you? Is it consistent, is it right, for professors of religion to spend their time in public rooms, playing games with those who derive their ideas of the religion of Jesus from your life and conversation? It is not at all surprising that such persons are unable to discern a difference between the professor and the non-professor.

Look at our broad and beautiful West. From the elegant saloon to the hut, this vice is reveling. Some of you are preparing to preach the Gospel in this region, and at the same time are thoughtlessly practicing the first rudiments of gambling.

Are these the class of men the country requires to preach the Gospel, where this vice flows down the streets like water?

Had you gone into the temple at Jerusalem at the time Jesus Christ found the changers of money sitting, would you not sooner have looked over their shoulders, than taken a scourge and driven them out?

“Let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall.”

“Blessed is the man that walketh not in the



counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful."

MY SISTERS—If you have been in the habit of countenancing these games, by admitting them into your houses, and, perhaps, participating in them, and a sister or daughter marries a gentleman who proves to be a gambler, who is in fault? Lopping off fruitful branches does not kill a tree; the axe must be laid at the root, if you wish the tree to die. This vice floats upon every navigable river in the West, and the Sabbath is no barrier to it, in any part of the Union, so far as the people who practice it are concerned. Judging from observation, its tendency is far more soul-destroying than intemperance.

Ladies! think of this subject, and prepare yourselves to act. For the sake of Him you profess to serve; for the sake of your sisters and daughters; for the sake of the never-dying soul, beware how you lend your aid to a vice so destructive. For, "Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord," is a truth that is applied just as fatally to the one who sows the seed, as to the one who reaps the harvest.



control of the agony, not stand in the way of nature's not entire in the heart of the world.

My friends—If you have been in the habit of considering these games by watching them in your houses and, perhaps, participating in them and a game of draughts, makes a gentleman who proves to be a gambler, who is in fact, I suppose, on mental branches does not kill a tree; the axe must be laid at the root. If you wish the tree to die, this vice flows upon every navigable river in the West, and the Sabbath is no barrier to it, in any part of the Empire, so far as the people who practice it are concerned. Judging from observation, its tendency is to more soul-destroying than intemperance.

I should think of this gambler and prepare your selves to see. For the sake of him you profess to love; for the sake of your sisters and daughters; for the sake of the never-dying soul, beware how you land your aid to a vice so destructive. For "Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord," is a truth that is applied just as fully to the one who sows the seed, as to the one who reaps the harvest.

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